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# A Discordant Unanimity?

SOME hoped that the Western reply to the Soviet proposals for a German peace treaty would contain a constructive plan for breaking the East-West deadlock. Instead, it is a compromise draft which offers no solution of the German problem and distracts attention from the real intentions of its authors. Its text is evasive and some of its paragraphs contradictory; its spirit is that of diplomatists whose main concern is to avoid being trapped into saying anything unambiguous.

The Russian offer was clear on at least two points. It proposed an early Four-Power conference on the German problem, and it suggested, as a novel point of departure for these discussions, the idea of a unified Germany allied with neither the U.S. nor the Soviet Union. The Western reply makes no reference to a conference and will be taken to imply that an early conference is tacitly rejected. On the central issue of German unity it is deliberately vague and inevitably contradictory. At one point it argues that it would be "a step backward" to limit the freedom of a united Germany to enter any alliance it chooses, thus apparently sanctioning a German-Soviet military alliance if a central German Government desired it. But the next sentence supports "the participation by Germany in a purely defensive community." This makes sense only if the words refer not to the actions of a central German Government, but to the integration of the Bonn Government into the proposed European Defence Community. Having disposed of German unity in this way, it raises a number of relevant issues, which must be settled before a peace treaty is signed, but indicates no procedure for settling them. And finally, as if to make it clear that negotiations are not desired, it goes out of its way to remind the Russians that, if the Western Powers get their way, they may not be content with the Oder-Neisse line as Eastern Germany's frontier.

In view of M. Schuman's categoric opposition to German unity under any circumstances, it was, no doubt, very difficult either to draft a candid reply which suited both Bonn and Paris or to accept the Russian proposal for an early conference. But there are other more cogent reasons for the evasiveness and contradictions of the Western note. The fact is that the Pentagon has decided to proceed with the rearming of Western Germany, come what may. Its aim—during the next eighteen months while the German divisions are being raised—must be to avoid any Four-Power conference which might rob it of those divisions. Of course Washington is prepared to negotiate with the Soviet Union—but only when it can negotiate from German strength. The object of American diplomacy, therefore, in the past fortnight, has been to prevent any of their allies from making a constructive reply to the offer, in order that Washington can obtain ratification of the European Defence Community plan, before the summer is over, by both the French Chamber and the German Bundestag.

This can only be done by telling one tale in Paris and another in Bonn. The French are being urged to hasten their agreement to the European Defence Community on the ground, first, that a West German army is a lesser evil than a Pan-German army and, secondly, that Western European integration will make the partition of Germany permanent. The Germans, on the other hand, are being led to understand that the Defence Community is merely a first step towards German unification; once they have played their part in strengthening Western Europe, the Russians can be forced to withdraw from the Eastern zone—or face the consequences.

To judge from the tone of the Western reply, this two-faced diplomacy seems to have had an initial success. M. Schuman has persuaded himself that a rearmed Western Germany, integrated into Western Europe, can be persuaded to remain content with its present frontiers; and Dr. Adenauer has been shrewd enough to restrain his more nationalist colleagues, who might be too brash about revealing the real objects of German policy. This discordant unanimity has made possible a reply which the Russians are likely to regard as an evasive but nevertheless quite inescapable negative. If they conclude from its circumlocutions that the American build-up of the West German army is to proceed—with all the danger of a bid also to regain East Germany by the threat of war when the time is ripe—they cannot be considered unduly suspicious.

### Talks on the Saar

At the end of last week Dr. Adenauer told the Committee of Ministers of the Council of Europe that he would temporarily withdraw his Government's memorandum on conditions in the Saar: he had agreed with M. Schuman that the French, German and Saar Governments should conduct a joint examination whether conditions in the Saar are suitable for free elections in the autumn. This announcement was viewed with some misgivings in Paris, *Le Monde* expressing concern lest recognition of the Bonn Government's right to intervene in the question of elections for the Saar Diet might prove to be the beginning of a general retreat from the standpoint hitherto held by France—that the Saar should be politically severed from Germany and economically linked to France. M. Schuman promptly declared that France "remained firmly on her positions," and added the observation that Dr. Adenauer had made a useful concession in accepting the tripartite Commission of Inquiry: this implied acknowledgement of the existence of an independent Saar Government. This declaration, as was to be expected, led to uproar in Bonn—the Social Democrats leading clamorous protests that the Chancellor had betrayed German interests by tacitly recognising the right of the French and Saar governments to "negotiate" over the future of an "integral part" of Germany. Dr. Adenauer has denied that German claims are in any way compromised. Presumably the examination into electoral conditions will go on; but it remains to be seen whether the pro-German party in the Saar will be given freedom to organise and canvass.

### The Colombo Plan

The Burmese representative at the Karachi meeting on the Colombo Plan expressed the misgivings which many feel about the progress of this mutual aid for South East Asia. "History," he said, "abounds in examples of the consequences of inadequate and ill-timed assistance." And in spite of the expressions of good will and good intentions from the delegates of sixteen countries, the misgivings of those who hope to see early benefits from the Plan must have been increased by the speech of Lord Reading, British Foreign Under-Secretary. He spoke of the United Kingdom's resolve to do everything in its power, consistent with its own "grave and urgent" problems, to maintain the volume of exports to Asian countries and increase the flow "as soon as circumstances permit." The simple truth is that the Colombo Plan cannot "get off the ground" while British industrial resources are so heavily committed by rearmament. The Plan, by and large, is a release of sterling to countries to whom it is owed. Finance is the least of it; the development must depend on the availability of equipment, and that will not be forthcoming from sterling sources. Even the supply of advisers and technicians is not going as well as it should since the experts are not available in sufficient numbers, again because of the "grave and urgent problems." No amount of talk, like Lord Reading's "measured organic growth" can persuade the under-developed countries that plans already approved should be delayed. As Khwaja Nazimuddin, the Pakistan Prime Minister, said, "universal contentment can be achieved only if there is equitable distribution of producing and consuming power among the different regions." There is desperate need in all these countries. In Burma, as its delegate pointed out, there still remains the havoc of a war in which the country was a battlefield. And he claimed that those responsible for the war should contribute towards the cost of repair through reparation.

### East-West Trade

Judging from this month's meeting at Geneva of the Assembly of E.C.E., there seems to be a chance that the Economic Commission for Europe may still play a useful role in saving East-West trade from complete collapse. Opening the debate, Mr. Myrdal called for a "progressive normalisation" of relations between the two parts of Europe and said that the Commission "offers precisely the type of machinery" for such a purpose. The attitude of the West boiled down to an expressed desire to expand exports of consumer goods—the British delegate indicating a preference for direct bilateral negotiations. The representatives of the Eastern Bloc emphasised their desire for more trade with the West, and accused the U.S. of being the sole obstacle to expansion. All spoke encouragingly of the availability of Eastern exports, and Mr. Katz-Suchy in particular said that shipments of Polish coal could be greatly increased. Though the East objects strongly to the discriminatory licensing of exports by the West, the possibility of larger purchases of Western consumer goods remains.

When it came to the question of what E.C.E. could do, the Soviet Bloc favoured a special meeting of the Commission next autumn to discuss East-West trade without any pre-conditions; against this, the Western countries argued that such a meeting would be useless unless individual lists of import requirements and export availabilities had been prepared in advance. Eventually, a resolution was adopted instructing Mr. Myrdal to explore practical possibilities, including deliveries and counter-deliveries. If he finds that there is a "reasonable prospect of concrete results," there will be a meeting in the autumn of trade experts to report whether a conference of Government representatives empowered to sign trade agreements should be convened.

### Guns and Investment

In an apologia for the present scale of Defence expenditure, Mr. Gaitskell argued, last weekend, that the resulting contraction of supplies available for the consumer could be offset to some extent, as Mr. Butler proposed, by reducing this year's investment in buildings, plant and machinery for industry. This expedient, he admitted, was "regrettable," but "we should not exaggerate its extent" or, presumably, its consequences. This is a complacent view which we find ourselves unable to share. The proposed cut of £100m. in capital investment must be considered in the light of the fact that last year's net investment in machinery was probably less than £200m. This figure can be compared with a current rate of U.S. investment in machinery (excluding building) amounting to $11,000m., or £4,000m. The American labour force employed in manufacturing is, of course, nearly double the British. Even so, American investment in machinery per head of the workers in 1952 will be about £250, or over six times the proposed investment in this country after the Butler cuts. The implications for Britain's long-term ability to compete in international markets are disturbing.

### The Doctor's Bill

Since he was not asked to say what doctors in the National Health Service should receive for their services, but only what allowance should be made for changes in the value of money since 1939 (the Spens Committee's base year) in calculating what increments should be added to the general practitioners' "pool," Mr. Justice Danckwerts's award in the arbitration between the Minister of Health and the B.M.A. is in no way surprising, though it presents Mr. Butler with the awkward problem of finding £40m. for back pay and current increases over the period 1948-53. It is not yet clear what effect this will have on the Chancellor's proposal to keep the cost of the Health Service below a ceiling of £400m. A Working Party set up jointly by the Ministry and the B.M.A. is charged with the task of studying how the now enlarged "pool" can most efficiently be distributed. In view of the fact that the greatest expansion in N.H.S. expenditure is occurring on the hospital side, and that this is due to the tendency on the part of overworked G.P.s to hospitalise difficult cases, it is greatly to be hoped that the Working Party can devise means of strengthening and improving general practice. Apart from the need to reduce over-large practices—a question which probably involves reconsidering the present system of flat-rate capitation fees—extension of group practice, whereby semi-specialist treatment could be provided without recourse to a hospital, is a possibility worth exploring.

### The Co-operators Object

The Co-operative movement, alarmed already by rising costs and falling dividends on purchases, is up in arms against the Government's decisions on the revision of Purchase Tax. These, the Co-operatives maintain, will impose new burdens on the consumer, especially in branches of trade which are already in a bad way. Co-operative dividends have been falling steadily for some years past, as retail margins have grown narrower in face of higher distribution costs; and some societies have shown a tendency to maintain the rate of dividend to consumers by reducing allocations to reserve. Co-operative leaders recently issued a warning against this practice, as endangering the extension of Co-operative enterprise; but they are now worried at the prospect of having their allocations to reserve taxed under the new excess profits levy. Undoubtedly, the Co-operative movement, though its membership continues to increase, is passing through a difficult time. Its proportion of total retail trade is being barely maintained; and some of the C.W.S. factories are already on short time for want of orders. These difficulties are not peculiar to Co-operative enterprise; but they affect it more than private trade because on the whole it gives better

conditions and higher security of employment, and also because it is peculiarly sensitive to changes in working-class demand.

### New Evidence for Hiss

Some weeks ago, an article in this journal summarised the new evidence on which the attorneys of Alger Hiss are claiming a new trial. This evidence cast considerable doubt on the authenticity of the typewriter in the case. Now a supplementary brief has been filed for the court hearing on April 8, and this goes beyond the earlier suggestion that the typewriter may have been tampered with to permit the forgery of the famous "Pumpkin Papers." In the new brief, the Hiss lawyers claim that the machine is "a deliberately fabricated job, a new typeface on an old body . . . a fake machine." If this is true, then it seems to destroy the prosecution's case, or at least to make a third trial essential. A reputable firm of industrial chemists who have been making a careful study of the typewriter report that "the machine shows positive signs of having been deliberately altered . . . many of its types are replacements of the originals and have been deliberately shaped." Spectrochemical analysis shows, apparently, that a number of the types and the solder by which they are fixed to the typebar contain metal not present in Woodstock machines of that date; the implication is that new parts have been soldered on to an old typewriter. The soldering, moreover, "was done 'sloppily' and as if by an amateur." Finally, "photomicrographs of the surface of letters on 230099 [the typewriter] show marks of mechanical alterations of the surfaces." The conclusions may or may not be valid. But it does seem to be a strong case for a new trial, if only to clear up the doubts that this new evidence is bound to raise, and to ensure that the prosecution produces documents which it is now refusing to allow the Hiss lawyers to examine.

### The Footballers' Mite

Unlike the leading baseball players in the U.S.A., our professional footballers have no hope of making their fortunes, even as star players drawing occasional "match bonuses" and "talent money." And they are probably unique among the rank and file of commerce in that they know, from the transfer fees commonly paid, what they are worth to their employers. One club recently sold its best player to another for £35,000, but (again in contrast to the baseball world) the barest fragment—£10 only—of this golden egg went to the goose that laid it. The present agreed maximum pay for the 3,000 gladiators involved—though very few of them get it—is £14 a week, and their football life is notoriously a short and hazardous one. The recommendation of the Minister of Labour's special committee that the maximum should be raised has not greatly pleased the men, who want it abolished, but has delighted the club managements—not because they want to pay more but because it accepts their own view that there must be a maximum of some kind. And the Committee's further proposal that transfer fees—the main source of income for many clubs—should not be allowed to exceed £15,000 per man shows a pathetic unawareness of what can happen when sport gets on to the five-figure level. The accompanying suggestion that the selling club, the Football Association, and a players' benevolent fund should get a third of it each is not being taken too seriously—especially by the clubs, which would have to put up with a third of what they get now, and the players, who would still regard themselves as getting nothing. Master-and-man relationships in this peculiar industry seem about as bad as they could be. Next season the trouble will reach the turnstiles, where the million weekly spectators will be raising the players' wages by paying 1s. 9d. instead of 1s. 6d. to get in.

## WESTMINSTER

### Labour and the New Democracy

*Our Parliamentary Correspondent writes:* On Tuesday the *Daily Express* in a sensational headline, referring to that day's meeting of the Parliamentary Labour Party, warned its innocent readers of yet another "Depose Attlee Move." Nothing sensational, of course, happened. So the *Evening Standard* fraternally came to the rescue with the story of Mr. Attlee's "personal victory" over the plot. Objective reporters agreed that, in fact, the meeting settled down to the job of approving the new Standing Orders in an atmosphere very much more tolerant than of late. A detailed debate on the new rules took place, at the end of which the libertarians had succeeded in considerably widening the "conscience" clause; while the leadership skilfully secured the endorsement of the rest of the code. The amendment to which the *Express* story referred was not pressed by its proposer and was then formally voted down. It was, in any case, concerned only with the occupant of the chair at the Party meeting and not at all with Mr. Attlee's leadership.

The fact is that the immediate crisis in the Parliamentary Party, though not the difference on policy, was settled two weeks ago. Since then the debate on Standing Orders has been a more academic one, between those Members who believe that rigid discipline is essential to the organised working of the Party, and those who consider that the working of Parliament depends, even in the modern world, on a high degree of individual discretion. The position of the Bevanites is not greatly affected by all this. Without any Standing Orders at all, dissidents can be disciplined, provided a strong majority of the Party wants to take action. In the absence of that majority, the leadership is powerless, no matter how rigid the Standing Orders. The issue is not now whether the Bevanites have got off too lightly, but whether the Party is damaged as an effective Opposition by unduly restrictive rules of procedure. In this connection, it is worth noting that the Party seems to have decided to resume discussion, after further study, of a full code of Standing Orders for the conduct of the Party meeting itself, proposed by Mr. Bing and others on the grounds that, if Party decisions are to be absolutely binding, they must be reached by formal processes which ensure the rights of minorities as effectively as do the rules of Parliament itself. This interesting proposition illustrates the deep waters into which Mr. Attlee is leading his men; and the decisions reached will be of general public interest. They may, indeed, set the pattern for a far more monolithic Party structure on both sides of British politics. Such a development would be logical in existing conditions—the trend is visible equally on the Tory side—but many shrewd judges feel that it would be damaging to some of the best features of Parliamentary democracy.

## WASHINGTON

*Our Washington Correspondent writes:* Senator Taft's decision to withdraw from the Primary election in New Jersey on April 15, which amounts to funking the only remaining direct encounter with Eisenhower before the Republican National Convention, has probably had a greater political effect than the Primaries in New Hampshire and Minnesota which provoked it. Anger and poor sportsmanship are not qualities that commend a presidential candidate to Americans, and though they frequently resign themselves to the election of an indifferent Congress or municipal administration, most Americans have an active personal concern about the man who will be their next President.

However, the unprecedented action of 106,000 Minnesota Republicans in writing the General's name on to ballot papers from which it had been deliberately omitted, and a tendency for some local Republican leaders to transfer their allegiance from Taft to Eisenhower, do not mean that all is over but the noisy shouting which accompanies the Chicago Convention. Only 17 States hold preferential Primary elections. In four others the delegates to the National Convention are chosen by the State Party executives. In the remaining States the delegates are chosen at State Conventions. This means that in 31 States the individual party member is not consulted about his Presidential choice. Taft apparently retains much of his hold over party wheelhorses, and he is relying on the State Republican leaders to give him the votes he would need to win the nomination. The National Conventions are meetings of party professionals, not amateurs. Nevertheless, popular pressure can affect the results, as Wendell Wilkie showed in 1940. He only declared himself as a possible candidate in May of that year, and the Eisenhower forces are convinced that if they can get their candidate home in the second half of May—that is to say, after the last Primary election, but in time to show himself to good effect—it will be relatively plain sailing. General MacArthur is reported to have been expressing private opinions that Taft can never make it, and has been issuing sounds more and more like a candidate himself.

In the Democratic tent confusion still reigns. More and more people are coming to the conclusion that Mr. Truman does not wish to run again, while admitting that they have little evidence except a hunch to go upon. Governor Adlai Stevenson, of Illinois, is known to be the President's present favourite choice as his successor, if he should step down himself. But Stevenson has so far shown extreme reluctance to shoulder the burden. If Truman should run, it is felt certain that Senator Richard Russell, of Georgia, would lead a sufficiently strong group of Dixiecrats to prevent the President's re-election, which might have the effect of throwing the decision into the House of Representatives. But if Truman should retire, the Russell strength, which is formidable, for he is an able and much-respected Senator, would be used as a bargaining lever for the South at the Chicago Convention. Senator Kerr, who has announced his candidacy, is an oil millionaire from Oklahoma. He has an attractive personality. He is disliked by New Dealers for his votes against civil rights and for private power companies, but the President is grateful to him for bravely supporting the dismissal of General MacArthur. Senator Kefauver continues to gather a following, particularly among women voters and among those who are exasperated with the present turgid political atmosphere. But until Mr. Truman discloses his own intentions the Democrats are playing Blind Man's Buff.

# The Exposure of Naked Force

SUCH are the unpredictable pitfalls in the process of extending oligarchic power into complete autocracy, that just at the very moment when White South Africa has been called upon to unify itself anew and celebrate the tercentenary of the foundation of its part of the nation, conflict has broken out in its ranks of a more profound nature than any seen since the Boer War. The verdict of the Appeal Court last week, declaring the Separate Representation of Voters Act to be unconstitutional, has roused passions between the two main sections of the White community to a depth never provoked even by the Nationalists' anti-British attitude during the war or their legislation since 1948. The fact that these emotions are roused by political expediency and selfish hopes does not prevent their having a profound effect on the nation. The Opposition forces may not be sincere on the principle of the right of the Cape Coloureds to the franchise. There is no difference of principle between their "White leadership" and the Nationalists' "White supremacy." Indeed, these same Opposition forces showed clearly in 1936 that the principle of democratic representation does not concern them, for only eleven votes were cast against the removal of the Africans from the common electoral roll. Towards any threat that increased educational and economic advance will provide the majority non-Europeans with the opportunity of challenging the European political monopoly, the United Party and their friends present as hostile a front as the Nationalists. But to-day they see the danger of losing their 50,000 Coloured votes, the possibility of the equality of the English being threatened, and an opportunity to sway sufficient votes against the Government as will enable them to seize the reins of office. Yet, when all these hard political facts are exposed, there still remains that passion for the maintenance of law which has so often roused civilised men against the arbitrary attacks of the autocrats. It is the combination of these forces which has so deeply split the White community.

The constitutional issue is quite clear and depends largely upon interpretation. It is not, as Dr. Malan is so anxious to maintain, the sovereignty of the South African State or of its Parliament which is at stake, but rather whether any South African Government is to have absolute powers. If a parliamentary system is to be democratic in any sense of the term, there must be checks and balances upon the power of Government. These may be indefinable and accepted by custom and usage, as in this country, or they may be explicitly stated as in the example of the United States. Theoretically it is possible in Britain for a Government to remain permanently in power by passing an Act abolishing elections. In the same way it could disenfranchise all people below a certain income level. We do not need a written constitution to prevent such occurrences. But South Africa has neither the political stability nor the common standard of political values to do without some specific constitutional safeguards. The two issues which were known to divide White South Africa in 1909 were therefore specially protected from the danger of partisan action. The non-European franchise in the Cape and the equality of the two languages formed entrenched clauses of the South Africa Act and could only be altered by a two-thirds majority of both Houses of Parliament at a joint sitting. The Act was prepared by the National Convention of South Africans expressly in order to avoid such issues being shuttlecocked between successive Governments.

With the passing of the Statute of Westminster in 1931 doubts were expressed as to whether the South Africa Act would be affected and, although the then Prime Minister, General Hertzog was certain that the Act would be in no way affected, he accepted General Smuts' amendment to his request to Britain to pass the Statute of Westminster, that, "the proposed legislation will in no way derogate from the entrenched provisions of the South Africa Act." There was no dissent from the amendment and the amended motion was approved by the House. It is interesting to note that, at the time this motion was passed, Dr. Malan was Minister of the Interior and that several of his present colleagues as well as Dr. Jansen, the present Governor General, agreed that the entrenched clauses were inviolate, that the South Africa Act remained a written constitution, and that no Government could alter it by a bare majority. Accordingly, when it was decided to remove the Africans from the common roll in 1936, the requirements of the South Africa Act were observed and a two-thirds majority obtained. At the same time the Cape Coloureds were given a firm assurance that this policy would not be applied to them.

However, when Dr. Malan's National Party went to the polls in 1948 they were desperately determined to destroy all common ground between European and non-European, and their election manifesto declared that Coloureds would be removed from the common roll and represented in the House of Assembly by separate European representatives. It was this policy which was implemented by the Separate Representation of Voters Act last year, an Act which provides for a separate Coloured roll and four European members to represent the Cape Coloured people. After bitter fights in the House and in the country, involving the formation of the Torch Commando, the Act was passed as a normal Act of Parliament, for the Nationalists have a majority of only thirteen and could only force it through by claiming that the entrenched clauses did not apply. The Act is an essential part of the steady drive of Dr. Malan and his supporters to make permanent the separation of White and Non-White, to maintain absolute White domination, and to preserve themselves in office. It clearly demonstrates the danger of the use of the parliamentary system when confined to a minority section of the population.

Now that the Appeal Court has declared the Act to be invalid, the Nationalists are faced with a direct challenge to their absolutist ambitions. It is unlikely that they will hold an immediate election, for even if they won it their power would be no greater. Dr. Malan has indicated that he will introduce new legislation to prevent the courts judging Acts of Parliament, but there is no reason to suppose that such legislation will be any more immune from judicial action than the Separate Representation of Voters Act itself. One prominent Nationalist, Dr. G. W. Eybers, writing in *Inspan* last August, went so far as to suggest that the Government would dismiss any judge declaring an Act of Parliament to be invalid. This would greatly aggravate the conflict between Executive and Judiciary.

What seems certain is that the Republican forces within the National Party will be greatly strengthened and stimulated to establish their Afrikaner Republic with all the reins of power solely in the hands of Afrikaners. At the same time the split in the White community will certainly encourage the militant sections of the non-Europeans to press on with their campaign against White supremacy and, although some non-Europeans, like the Coloured Peoples' National Union, may see in the situation another chance of leaning on the United Party, the majority of the politically conscious will recognise that the new situation is simply one more exposure of the realities of South African society. If the South Africa Act is held by the Government to have been abrogated by the Statute of Westminster, from where does the South African White parliament itself derive its authority? By all its actions Dr. Malan's Government is brutally exposing the true answer to this question—so smugly obscured by South African representatives in this country—that the political power claimed by the White quarter of the population rests on nothing less than naked force.

# Wife's Budget

MR. BUTLER, sitting in Whitehall, has decided how the financial load of his Budget shall be divided up between families. But he cannot determine how the load shall be shared within them. To illustrate the difficulty it is necessary to put some questions. The child allowance and the married allowance have been increased. Married men with two children and a gross income of £14 per week will, for example, find their net incomes suddenly boosted up by another 10s. a week. What will they do with the extra 10s.? Will they keep it for themselves? Simply labelling money "child allowance" does not ensure that it is handed over to the wife and used for the children. Pools may pull harder. If the husbands are generous and actually pass on to children and wives the child and wives' allowances given by Mr. Butler, they may still pass on only a part of the benefit.

"The [food] subsidies," said the Chancellor, "conceal from the consumer the real cost of what we have to pay in exports for the foods we import. As a result people tend to spend a large part of their incomes on the non-essentials of life. . . If they insist on smoking, I shall get the revenue; if not, they will have more to spend on food." Buried in this statement is the assumption, so frequently made and so infrequently stated, that family income and expenditure are one and indivisible. In fact, earnings are usually divided into two portions, one spent by the husband and the other spent by the wife. Out of his portion the husband may buy most of the cigarettes; and out of hers, the wife may

buy most of the food. The husband's smoking may not be directly related to the prices of the food that the wife buys. He may have smoked neither more, because subsidies kept down the food prices paid by his wife, nor less, because the prices of food have been raised. If wives' allowances do not rise, they will have to bear the full burden of the rise in food prices out of their own portion of the family income.

It is true that wives are to get larger family allowances from the Government. The reduction of subsidies will put up the food bill of a wife with three children by 7s. 6d. a week. To compensate, she will get an extra 6s. a week in family allowances. It may seem improbable that any father should reduce by 6s. his own allowance to his wife because the Government have increased theirs. Yet this possibility was stressed by the war-time Government in 1945, when resisting the attack by M.P.s of all parties upon the official proposal to pay family allowances to the father. Unhappily, we know no more than we did in 1945 about the effects of these new allowances upon the economics of the family.

One point was confirmed by every pre-war social survey. Working-class wives, it was shown, often did not know how much their husbands earned. "Most of the interviews," said Mr. Rowntree in *Poverty and Progress*, "were with women, and frequently a woman only knows what money her husband gives her, not how much he actually receives." The Ministry of Labour Budget Inquiry of 1937-38 came to grief for the same reason. Wives filled up the forms giving details of family expenditure, but they did not know how much their husbands had to spend, nor what they spent it on. As a result, only 14 per cent. of expenditure on drink and 66 per cent. of expenditure on tobacco was reported at all. Several surveys agreed on another and more important point—that many husbands were unwilling to increase their allowances by any substantial amount when children were born or their own earnings raised. No great harm could come from this custom as long as prices were fairly stable, or falling. But it was bound to cause great hardship in a period of inflation.

Most families have made their own individual adjustments since 1939 when the present inflation began. Men have by and large increased their allowances, although probably not by as much as wages. Spending on tobacco and drink has risen even faster than wages. Most of this spending is done by men, and many women have, in consequence, had to put up with a diminishing share of their husbands' income. Husbands have done something. The State has done more. During the war the State took husbands into the Forces and provided for allowances for wives while the husbands were away. The State also used subsidies to keep down the prices of the food and other goods which the housewife had to buy. There were, and have continued to be, more jobs for women. With the end of the war, prices began to rise faster. But still the prices of the goods (particularly tobacco) that husbands buy out of their portion of the family income rose faster than the prices of housewives' goods. The increase in subsidies preserved the real value of the housewives' portion of the income, and the increase in taxes on drink and tobacco (which went to pay for the subsidies) cut down the value of the husbands'[4] portion. Continuation of rent control also benefited housewives, who often have to pay the rent out of their allowances. And the new social services—family allowances, National Health Service, and National Insurance—helped to offset the rise in housewives' prices. The Welfare State was not only an agency transferring income from rich to poor, from working adults to the young and the old, and from the healthy to the sick. It was also a device for transferring income from one sex to another.

The turning point came in 1949. Since then there has undoubtedly been a redistribution of the national income from women to men. The prices of housewives' goods, such as food and children's clothing, have risen faster than ever before, while the prices of many of the goods bought by husbands have risen much less. At the same time social services have been pared down. Mr. Butler's Budget is the latest blow. The worse inflation becomes, the more severe the element of tension introduced into the internal financial relations of the family.

Many families, especially the younger couples, have adjusted themselves to a situation that may well endure as long as the nations of the world prepare to fight each other. Other families still have rigid methods of dividing income and expenditure, even when prices are changing every day. It is surely the task of those responsible for public policy to do everything possible to stop friction between nations from being converted into friction between members of families. Mothers and children should be the first to be protected. If they are to be protected, we must get rid of the assumption that the family is a consumption unit. That is no longer a tenable proposition in a Britain where custom and tradition are being ousted by the impact of a rapidly changing world. Once we have discarded that assumption, we may set about finding out what really happens. The first Chancellor who uses the social sciences to find the facts will be remembered as the first modern Chancellor.

MICHAEL YOUNG

# London Diary

MR. SENANAYAKE, the first Premier of independent Ceylon, was loved and admired by an astonishing variety of people. He was the Grand Old Man of Ceylon nationalism whose standing with the Sinhalese people was much what Nehru's is with millions in India. He was not an intellectual, like Nehru, but a farmer, and his nationalism was a matter of common sense rather than of ideology. He was the luckiest of the nationalist leaders of Asia in that his country became free in a flutter of courtesies with no shot fired. Though it was he who consolidated the independence movement into the United Nationalist Party, he never went to prison for nationalist activities. His one prison experience occurred as long ago as 1915 when riots broke out between the Buddhists and the Muslims. (I can recall no other example of riots between these two religious communities.) The British authorities panicked and immediately handed power over to the military; obsessed by the idea of a German conspiracy the soldiers shot many Sinhalese at sight; 358 were convicted after a court martial, 83 were condemned to death and 34 executed. But for the intervention of his influential brother, Don Stephen Senanayake, who was in the Buddhist procession, might have been shot, too. He was released and eight years later, when his brother died, he himself became leader of the Ceylon Independence Party. His successor may also be a Senanayake; the late Premier's son, now Minister of Agriculture, is likely to form a Government. He is one of the most popular personalities in the country, and has his father's charm and ability. What will happen to the United National Party is more unpredictable; its role, like that of the Indian National Congress, developed out of nationalist struggle and in the first post-independence elections (postponed last month) may be challenged by groups much farther Left.

* * *

Unesco, we learn from those newspapers that are particularly hot on culture, is a den of luxury, flowing with milk, honey, champagne and dollar bills. The unhappy taxpayer may contribute as much as a penny a head per year for its "fancy" activities. Also—and this is the one solid criticism—the top officials of Unesco, paid according to U.S. wage scales and exempt from tax, are fabulously well off. But the ordinary Unesco employee is not much better paid than a person with similar qualifications in Britain, France, or Scandinavia. Salaries were drastically revised last year, and a junior employee gets no more than about £9 a week, which is no fat living in Paris to-day. As to Unesco achievement, how much can really be done on 8m. dollars a year? Compared with rearmament, this is a speck of dust. The scheme for Fundamental Education does no more than drop a bucket into the ocean of ignorance and illiteracy? True, but it is a good beginning. This does not prevent it being denounced by the Communist press in France as a capitalist stunt for educating primitive people in a spirit of obedient cooliedom. Another good idea is the so-called "busman's holiday" for 750 people, which Unesco has been organising during 1952. Its purpose is to arrange for a new kind of contact between groups of European workers. Thus 25 busmen from Denmark are to stay with busmen in France, and many other groups of workers, belonging to trade unions, Co-op. and other organisations are to go on study tours to other European countries. Unesco pays their fares, and about 42 group applications have been accepted. Norwegian civil servants are coming to Britain; Swiss and Italian building workers to Holland; Italian dairy workers to Denmark; and Swedish agricultural workers are being "swopped" for Austrian firemen. German trade unionists will study housing in Scandinavia, while inter-Scandinavian groups organised by local W.E.A.s will visit London. Some Yugoslav farmers are to study agricultural Co-ops in Denmark. The whole scheme will cost Unesco 40,000 dollars.

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From quite an early stage in the talk about the Moscow economic conference, it became regrettably clear that Russia's object was propagandist and that there was little chance of the conference making any real breach in the barriers erected against East-West trade. Surely

the West's right reply was for a large number of important business people to accept the invitation and insist on serious discussion; failing that, they could come home. Mr. Acheson seems to me to have precisely missed the point when he said that the conference was a "stratagem to lure unsuspecting men of good reputation to participate in order to misuse their names and their public standing." That, only too obviously, can happen now. It need not have happened if all the Western business people who first planned to go and who have been headed off by pressure from the State Department had insisted on going. Now, I suppose, the conference will merely listen to some terrific anti-Western slogans and speeches, enthusiastically applauded by all the Asians present, while the few Western economists and businessmen who still go will have their names dragged in the mud in fulfilment of Mr. Acheson's prophesy.

* * *

Let no one dismiss as futile protest meetings such as that organised by the Freedom Press on Thursday night about the executions in Spain. So much that is legally shocking and barbarously cruel takes place in the world to-day that we can no longer protest effectively on every occasion; and there is the still greater difficulty that the Communists only protest at evils west of the Iron Curtain, while every denunciation of Communist justice (or injustice) is now suspect with millions of non-Communist people as merely so much war propaganda. Spain, however, is to-day in a category by itself. Franco, ridiculously courted as a potential ally in the fight for democracy and freedom, may be sensitive when influential politicians and leaders of the arts and sciences here speak their uninhibited minds about political persecution the nastiest of our post-war dictatorships.

* * *

Two boy scouts, one still at school, the other now working in a factory, were trudging with heavy rucksacks over the Essex fields. They had an assignment to reach a village not very far from Thaxted and they were rather late because the sun last Saturday was warm and sleepy. They had to keep a log of their time and plot their precise route on a map. The ponds filled with mating frogs were a distraction, and the fields recently flooded and still sodden were slow walking. Their main problem was that they were expected to do two good deeds in the day. As they approached a large derelict farmhouse they were surprised to see a man with a mop of grey hair running towards them waving his arms in an excited manner. He explained that his car was stuck in the mud and that they were at least two miles from the nearest village. On Saturday afternoon not a worker on the land could be found. Most of them were watching local football matches. That solved the problem of one good deed, said the boy scouts, and they all got down to work. Wood and straw were put under the wheels, but they only slithered round more and more deeply into the mud and the good deed looked better every minute. After half an hour's strenuous work and a great deal of pulling and pushing and digging with a spade, providentially found in a shed, the car moved and the grey-haired man joyfully reversed along the muddy lane he had foolishly chosen to follow an hour before. But he was too enthusiastic. His back wheel left the muddy path and descended deep into a ditch. Critic (for he was the grey-haired gentleman) remarked that the boy scouts would after all find no difficulty in doing their second good deed for the day. They advanced, cheerfully, carrying the spade at the ready.

* * *

All the people I know who have had 'flu lately agree that its after-effects seem totally out of proportion to its two or three days of cough and temperature. They wake feeling as if some important bit has gone from inside. One of these unfortunates complained to his doctor of this extreme lassitude and floppiness a fortnight after the 'flu was supposed to have left him. The doctor took his blood pressure, which is higher than statistically normal. Indeed, he tells me that on this score insurance companies have consistently refused to insure his life, without additional premium. The doctor prophesied that 'flu would have brought his blood pressure down. And so it proved. Feeling miserably ill, with the energy of a decrepit ninety, he had a precisely normal blood-pressure. If on that day he had been examined for a life insurance policy, the company would have accepted him without a moment's hesitation. His doctor explained that a generation ago insurance doctors, noticing that high blood pressure was a symptom of certain fatal diseases, acquired the habit of automatically refusing insurance to people with high blood pressure. Actually, the doctor explained, an increased blood pressure may be nature's convenient way of compensating for some other defect. He said that he still saw old people whose blood pressure had been somewhere round boiling point when he first came to the district twenty-five years ago, pedalling about the village, somewhat giddily perhaps, but apparently feeling quite fit. The patient left him a good deal encouraged, determined to rush off to an insurance company for a new whack of insurance while the influenza still made him as statistically well as he felt miserably ill. He decided also to buy a bicycle. CRITIC

## THIS ENGLAND

**Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.**

Hull police are searching for an 18-year-old Borstal boy . . . who gave his escort the slip while on a privilege visit to a Hull cinema to see *Streetcar Named Desire.—Bristol Evening Post.* (Donald Bateman.)

The Inland Revenue do not allow expenses of getting to and from work as an expense for taxation purposes. When the standard rate of income-tax was relatively low this may not have been important, but now the effect, particularly to a surtax payer, may be such as to influence premature retirement.—Letter in *The Times.* (C. L. Leese.)

It's a tough life sweeping chimneys for a living and trying to establish a reputation as an artist. My ambition, of course, is to paint a picture with my brooms. That would make me famous. I am practising with whitewash brushes, he added.—*Reynolds News.* (R. Pollard.)

The Chancellor, in following so closely the policy urged upon him by *The Sunday Times*, among other independent advisers, has indeed shown great courage. — *The Sunday Times.* (Douglas Young.)

## UNDER EDEN'S HAT

The Statute for providing the Council of Europe
with political authority . . . would prejudice relations
with Britain. . . . My Government is anxious to
re-model the Council.—*Mr. Eden, March 19.*

The Parliament of Europe is in need of reformation
(The European Continent lies off the British Isles)
The Council must acknowledge its dependent
situation
And Deputies must not appear in Ministerial styles.

Great Britain is a neighbour, but no sort of blood-
relation,
She is not linked with Europe as a kind of Siamese
Twin,
But Eden's Plan envisages a close association,
With Britain not completely out, nor definitely in.

The Eden Plan defines a sphere of useful occupation,
When Strasbourg is remodelled and brought really
up to date,
Provided it refrains from independent legislation
Nor fiddles with a Statute for a quasi-Super-State.

The Council must abandon schemes of sovereign
federation,
While dutifully keeping to its consultative role—
It can pigeon-hole the files of the Defence Organisa-
tion
And function as a clearing-house for Schuman steel
and coal.

Its ready-made machinery can speed co-ordination
With specialised authorities, progressively designed,
But Continental members must avoid reduplication
Where overlapping bodies with old organs get
entwined.

The Eden Plan the Ministers receive with approba-
tion,
The Parliament of Europe shall henceforth be
bureaucrats,
For Eden's Government would feel the greatest
consternation
With Strasbourg supernumeraries wearing Eden hats.

SAGITTARIUS

# Berlin, 1952

"DON'T misunderstand me. We don't want war. But another five years of this kind of peace and we shall be morally finished." It was a leading Social Democrat who said this to me; and he spoke for a good many West Berliners.

In terms of their physical existence, they have very little to complain about. It is true that West Berlin is still a gaping, blitzed city. Yet the standard of living has been steadily improved since the blockade was lifted, the Schillertheater sumptuously rebuilt and the Kurfuerstendamm encouraged to climb back on to its pre-war level of vulgar modishness. Thanks to a really staggering injection of dollars, 30,000 jobs have recently been created, reducing the level of unemployment to just over one-third of the working population. But those who remain jobless still do better on the Marshall dole than a skilled man in the Eastern sector earning a Stakhanovite premium. Indeed, the first impression of this Western enclave inside the Russian Empire is of the contrast between its unequally distributed but solid bourgeois comforts, and the grey disillusion of East Berlin, with its drably dressed, ill-shod inhabitants scurrying along under the gigantic portraits of Stalin and the countless placard slogans—the Russian equivalent of dollar aid.

I can well understand the American irritation when the Berliner, after all that he has received, is still reluctant to say grace and be truly thankful. Yet Mayor Reuter, the personification of Berlin resistance, is quite right: if man cannot live by bread alone, the citizens of West Berlin cannot live by dollar aid. For the epic months of the

blockade, their half-city was a Madrid, unblighted by non-intervention, a front-line capital, the courageous heart of a new, free Germany, defiantly saying "They shall not pass!" Reuter, and his Catholic colleague, Lemmer, are the only outstanding German politicians who have not merely accepted democracy as the *sine qua non* of American aid, but have risked their lives for it by remaining on what seemed to be a rapidly sinking ship. At first this risk, which they shared with thousands of lesser political and trade union leaders, was sweetened by fame and spiced with the drama of the air-lift. But now the condiments are off the table. The air-lift is a memory as cherished, but nearly as remote, as the Battle of Britain. The Allied High Commissioners have migrated to Western Germany, along with all those who want to make a career in West German politics. Now German history is being made in the new Rhineland capital at Bonn, and the Western half of the *Reichshauptstadt* has declined to the status of a provincial city, somewhat embarrassingly located inside the Russian Zone.

Yet the nervous strain of Berlin life has not lessened since the Russians relaxed their pressure. On the contrary, it has been made less bearable by the absence of any dramatic danger and the gradual provincialisation of the West sector, in contrast with East Berlin, which the Russians have been careful to make the capital of Communist Germany. To begin with, the outrageously anti-social fiscal and economic policy to which West Berlin is subjected, along with the rest of Western Germany, by the Bonn Government, is steadily undermining its front-line spirit. Where once there was unity of action, the atmosphere is thick with personal intrigues and self-seeking disloyalties. Herr Reuter has been amazingly successful in persuading the workers that it is an act of disloyalty to exploit the 4½-to-1 disparity between *Westmark* and *Ostmark* by going to East Berlin in order to purchase a loaf of bread or a typewriter. Yet money-changing booths are as common as barbers' shops, and a number of Berlin Councillors, I am assured, are earning 10,000 marks a month in providing the means for undermining the West Berlin economy. So the siege morale is being steadily sapped, and their city is becoming a shop-window not of democracy but of an Americanisation which the Americans in Berlin, not unjustifiably, regard as a caricature of their own national way of life. Looking at East and West Berlin, I was inclined to say, "If these are the only two alternatives, I choose Americanisation, under protest."

To do them credit, the Berlin Socialists with whom I talked fully shared my dispirited distaste for this kind of shop-window. They would like their half-city to be not merely the capital of Western Germany but to present, in its way of life, a moral challenge to the grey Empire which stretches all the way from the Potsdamerplatz to the fighting line in Korea. To-day they are well aware that it is no such thing and that, if the Russians could have the sense to let Berlin stew in its own juice for a few years, all the vitality it now possesses would be boiled out of it.

The Berliner is the only Westerner whose everyday public and private business bring him into intimate relationships with Soviet life. There is no contact whatsoever between the leading citizens in the two camps (they hate each other as only Germans can hate), but the ordinary Berliner often lives in the East and works in the West, and he is constantly crossing the non-existent barrier. He is a daily customer at the two shop-windows. East Berlin is said to enjoy far superior physical conditions to those prevalent in the Eastern Zone, but the mental and moral deprivations are the same in the Zone and in the sector. The 9,000 enrolled Social Democrats who live in East Berlin go in daily fear of arrest by the S.S.D. and deportation. Every time they return on the *Stadtbahn* from a meeting at Party Headquarters in the West, some of them, they told me, put their Party badges on their lapels and carry a copy of the Socialist *Telegraf* in their hands. When they do that, they are committing an act of defiance, which may cost them their freedom. That it seldom does makes no difference to the nervous strain. Talking for a whole afternoon to ten of their district leaders, I became unhappily aware of their desperate dilemma. In ten years' time—if nothing happens—their Party will have died of enforced inactivity, and all their disciplined courage will have been in vain. But what can happen to make the Russians withdraw—except a war, in which they would be the first casualty?

But it is not only the provincialism of West Berlin and the dreary tragedy of the Eastern sector that are troubling Mayor Reuter. Thousands of Germans from all over Eastern Germany find excuses for visiting the Western shop-window each week. The vast majority must go home after the visit, because the authorities refuse to accept them. But a few (particularly politically endangered persons or craftsmen and business men with special know-how) are retained and passed on to Western Germany. Thus the Western Berliners are kept constantly aware of what the Russians are doing to their countrymen in the whole Eastern Zone.

Constant contact with the Eastern Zone makes Berliners abnormally suspicious of the complacency with which the Bonn Government is apparently accepting the idea of a Western European integration, which leaves East Germany to the Russians. But if they suspect the Western European federation, as conceived by Adenauer and his Catholic colleagues, are they, for that reason, inclined to welcome the Russian proposals for an independent Germany? For three days and nights I discussed this with every brand of politician and publicist. Once again the dilemma is acute. All leading Berliners have had experience of free elections, in which the Russians share control, and of co-operation with Communists. They find it hard to believe in any Four-Power agreement, unless it is backed by such overwhelming force that Russian agreement is tantamount to surrender. Their natural instinct, therefore, is to rely on Atlantic rearmament, and even the Socialists would welcome a German contribution to it. Yet they are uneasily aware that it may be years before the Western Powers can negotiate from real strength, and even then, if the Russians were stubborn, they might refuse to withdraw without a war. Torn between suspicions of Adenauer's Western Union and suspicions that the British and Americans might still sell them out to the Russians, most of my friends came down in favour of a genuine effort to achieve an independent Germany by Four-Power negotiations. But they did so with heavy hearts, and without much conviction.

What could be done for West Berlin? These are the only Germans to whom we owe any obligations. But our debt to them is real, and should be honoured. What would encourage them above all else is the feeling that the West was not relying on physical strength alone but was capable of a moral and political initiative. At present, most British and American experts are afraid that, if Germany were united and not allied either to East or West, the Russians would be bound to win. It is precisely this kind of defeatism which is destroying the morale of West Berlin and building a Maginot Line between them and their countrymen 120 miles farther West.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

# Television Prospect

I

IN an age of electronic brains, supersonic flight and nuclear chain reactors, television, one is constantly reminded, remains in its infancy. It has been kept in short pants for a quarter of a century, during which film and radio have made gigantic strides. Yet, with 13 million American receivers and with public colour transmissions in the U.S. suspended only at the request of the Office of Defence Mobilisation, with a million and a quarter sets in Britain, tens of thousands of them in France and Russia, and with British television engineers submitting tenders all over the world to set up complete television stations at £100,000 a time, television can hardly claim to be regarded as an experimental toy.

Precociously in the late 'Twenties—within a stone's throw of filmland's front office, Wardour Street—television successfully achieved its first demonstration. By the 'Thirties the electronic had bettered the mechanical system of John Logie Baird; and in 1936 the world's first high-definition public television service was inaugurated from Alexandra Palace. It is still basically the same system (though greatly improved), and much of the original equipment is in use to-day. After the war, during which the service was suspended, the opportunity of resuming the service at the higher level of definition now technically possible, and of adopting an international standard, was missed.

In the meantime colour television, which was first shown in Britain years before the war, has been more vigorously prosecuted in the United States. There, in addition to the recent public transmissions by the Columbia Broadcasting system, the Radio Corporation of America is said to have developed a "compatible" colour system which has a great advantage in that it can also be received (albeit only in black and white) on the millions of existing sets.

The B.B.C., on the other hand, has only now undertaken experiments on the basic principles of colour and, to quote the Fabian Research Group in their evidence to the Beveridge Committee, has until recently devoted "virtually no staff, money or equipment to television research." The Radio Industry Council in their evidence, too, complained that the B.B.C.'s television monopoly since 1936 had discouraged development work and research. Since these criticisms the attitude of the industry towards the B.B.C. seems to have mellowed; and the demands of Defence work on research staffs, no less than on manufacturing capacity, have probably lessened the radio industry's preoccupation with television. The Fabian Research Group, went on to criticise the B.B.C.'s lack of a sense of urgency in the provision of new studios and stations. A broadcasting authority, they argued, which has sole control of TV has an obvious interest in retarding the rate at which the new medium replaces the old.

It is certainly true that the new has replaced the old far faster in the United States, where attendances at cinemas have plunged drastically since the coming of TV. It may be, however, that the American cinema habit was "over-developed," just as the new TV craze seems at the moment to have induced a druglike addiction which may in time pall. In this country at any rate, cinema exhibitors, who for years have had TV phobia, have on the whole not encountered a serious slump in box office receipts, although B.B.C. Audience Research figures show that viewers reduce their cinema-going. The sale of TV sets (average

price £70) seems to have had little adverse effect on the sale of radio receivers, even in TV reception areas.

A subtractive and mutually exclusive view of various media of entertainment has been repeatedly shown to be wrong. The cinema was going to kill the theatre, the wireless the gramophone and concert hall, and so on. There has been too great emphasis placed on this fragmentation of the dramatic and representative arts and insufficient on their fundamental unity. For example, there is a greater unity between a film and stage version of *Hamlet* than there is between the Old Vic and the Victoria Palace. Similarly opera, whether sung at Covent Garden, filmed or televised, remains opera. If we say that TV offers a new technique in presentation, this is a more useful and realistic way of looking at it than the false apposition of new medium versus old. The unifying factor common to all is the actor.

It is not surprising therefore that the best TV producers are producers who have been successful in other fields. Talent in any field may be rare; the ability to adapt that talent to new techniques is not nearly as rare as is commonly supposed. Incidentally, pioneers of a service are not necessarily the best people to develop it. It is a cruel fact that an expanding organisation must often leave its founder fathers (and mothers) behind if it is to continue to grow. The pioneer is so delighted, and knows what a miracle it is that "the thing works at all," that he is apt to accept that precarious held-together-with-bits-of-string-if-only-we-can-get-to-the-end-of-the-show atmosphere which stigmatises amateur theatricals and, as yet, many of the B.B.C.'s TV productions.

The tension of improvisation and make-do will doubtless slacken as more studios are put into commission. Pressure on space will also ease when, instead of repeating a whole production in the studio, a recording on film of the original transmission is broadcast. There are still some contract difficulties with the artistes' unions to be overcome before "telefilm recordings" can be used in this way. It is to be hoped that the device will be used not only on transmission but at rehearsals, on a closed circuit, so as to "pre-record" any particularly complex parts of the action, or even the whole of a difficult or complicated production. Such pre-recording will allow the producer some selection of "takes" and will reduce the "hit or miss" element in TV, and, some also say, its "immediacy." Apart from public or sporting events, which constitute TV's main sales angle, and where immediacy matters more, viewers as they become more discriminating will probably prefer a polished recorded production to a ragged "immediate" one. Much contemporary TV presentation, with artistes rather self-consciously facing "out front," is reminiscent of the early films which were nothing but filmed stage shows. While TV has learned the use of the moving camera and the importance of camera position and angles, it has not yet found a readily practical equivalent of the "reverse angle" of films, which enables the cinema to cut so economically and dramatically from speaker to listener and from kisser to kissed.

TV's effect on the cinema will extend far beyond competing for its audience. "Outside broadcasts," joined by radio micro-wave links to the main transmitter, would seem to be in an unrivalled position for the simultaneous presentation of actuality; and with telefilm recording and the interchange either of live telecasts or of telefilms between the various national TV systems, the *raison d'être* for the present cinema newsreels may die out. Their place may be taken by more interpretative documentaries which would in turn find an acceptable place in TV programmes. In the film studio the use of television cameras, whereby the producer can see what is being "shot" on a monitor screen and not have to wait till the "rushes" are developed next day, together with the simultaneous use of a number of cameras from different positions for continuous "takes," may greatly reduce production costs. But perhaps large screen reception in cinemas may alter the whole distributor-exhibitor-producer relationship, obviate the need for printing multiple copies of films running to millions of feet of celluloid annually, and replace second feature films by live TV programmes. Black and white large-screen TV was demonstrated at the Festival of Britain, and one West End cinema is already installing TV projection apparatus.

To the other dramatic arts TV affords a tremendous opportunity for extending their audiences far beyond their present confines and for raising the level of public appreciation and taste. The central studios of a TV system could truly become the home of a "National" Theatre and Opera House. But the level of productions being diffused on a nation-wide scale must not be that of a provincial weekly repertory. Nor should the plea of a new show every night be accepted as an excuse for the lowering of standards. Lack of space and equipment has too often been made the excuse for lack of imagination, and poor or blurred definition the excuse for poor or blurred performances. The best camera will reflect no more than what is put before it.

H. F. CARRUTHERS

*(To be concluded)*

# Of Bigotry and Virtue

## I. GEMS AND GOLD

*Bijouterie et vertu:* vividly I recall how my grandmother's lace cap would tittup with her chuckles at a stock joke as she mis-Englished the phrase. Such articles got short shrift when men governing decided that the coffers of the State should be filled partly by taxes which penalised luxury. Fair enough: if a wealthy man insists on decking out his lady with diamonds and platinum, or fancies that Players please only if they are carried in 18-carat, engine-turned gold, there is no reason, moral or social, why he should not pay 100 per cent. Purchase Tax for his ostentatious satisfaction. Yet a price, let us face it, has to be paid for this inculcation of austerity. A fine craft is threatened with extinction—at least in its more luxurious lines. Fifteen years ago there were 25,000 workers in the British jewellery industry; to-day the numbers have sadly shrunk, and lots of workers have either drifted into "costume" jewellery or the precision work for armaments on which many gem-setting firms have come to rely. Worse still, "black market" dealings in gem-jewellery have gone far to corrupt what was an honourable trade: few retail jewellers in London to-day could honestly swear that all the "second-hand," and hence tax-exempt articles in their show-cases, which have reached them through a series of dealers of ascending degrees of reputability, have had a genuine previous wearer. Traders must live. There are, it is true, the export markets: though American women wear, for the most part, "costume" stuff, the work of the English goldsmith and silversmith is highly esteemed in the U.S., and there is still a demand in the Middle and Far East for the costly products of the gem-setter. But in a world of deficit balances and import bans, the manufacture of wealth's expensive toys involves many a headache.

The headaches, of course, affect principally the men who have to find the wherewithal for Friday's pay-packets. For the craftsmen—provided always that the pay-packet is there—there is the abiding solace of pride in skill which cannot be hurried; and in few other industries have I found such a happy atmosphere of independence and relished work as in the handling of precious stones and metals—including high-grade plate. A silver-haired *maitre* who has spent 53 years making exquisite gold chains told me that, with the bosses' full approval, he always stole a day off when the fish were taking on his favourite Midland water; and craftsman after craftsman in work-rooms I have lately been visiting explained their techniques to me with such patent delight in "showing off" that they evidently had an artist's love of their fine handiwork.

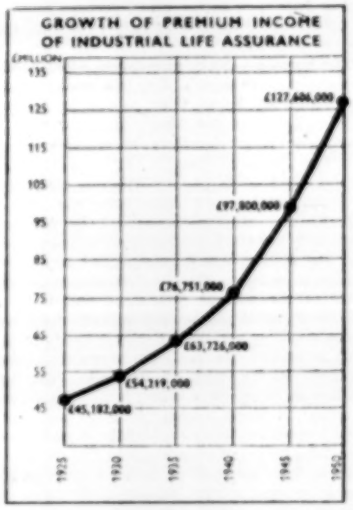
Pride of place, I suppose, to gems. High up in a Clerkenwell warehouse, the diamond, bought at the monthly London "sights" as a dullish, irregular pebble (or so you would say) begins its transit to the over-privileged wearer. Here, in a workshop where Flemish is the spoken language, is the domain of the lapidary. The first step is to divide the "pebble" into economically workable pieces. If it be thick enough, the crystal is sawn in two by thin, phosphor bronze wheels, spinning at 6,000 r.p.m. in a mixture of oil and diamond dust. Alternatively, if the shape be unsuitable for this process, the hand-cleaver sets to work. Studying the possibilities of the stone with expert eye, he notches it with the edge of another diamond mounted on the tip of a wooden tool like a thick pen-holder, and then cleaves off unflawed pieces with a sharp tap on a rigid steel knife—cleavage always being "with the grain," *i.e.*, along planes parallel to the crystal's octahedral face. In this operation, the possibilities of damage and waste are enormous: much depends on the cleaver's knowledge and judgment.

After that, the sawn or cleaved stone is "bruted" on a lathe, *i.e.*, it is given a rectangular or circular shape, with a diamond once more mounted as cutting tool; and then it passes to craftsmen who cut and polish its facets. They look for all the world as if they were playing gramophone records. In front of each worker is a horizontally revolving steel "lap," its surface charged with abrasive—diamond dust or rotten-stone. Against this, the diamond, mounted in a sort of lollipop of soft lead which takes the place of the sound box (the other end of the "arm" being held steady against a rest called the "jamb peg") is gently pressed at the required angle to make the facets, which must be cut *across* the grain, perpendicular to the edges of the octahedron. An old art: "rose-cutting" into symmetrical facets was evolved in Bruges by Lodewyk van Berquem in the 1450's, and the elaborate "brilliant cut" with 33 facets on the front and 25 facets at the back of the stone, is said to have been devised for the delight of Cardinal Mazarin a century later. This shape is still the most popular to-day, though square diamonds are often given a "trap" or "emerald" cut, with parallel facets, front and back. Opaque stones, such as opals, are given a simpler convex, "cabochon," surface. In facet-making, extreme delicacy of touch and accuracy of eye are required.

Gem-cutting grew up in England with the influx of skilled refugees from Holland and Belgium under the Wehrmacht's impact in 1940, and the labour force was subsequently augmented by the training of disabled ex-Service men. Whether the industry will retain its present scale here seems doubtful. In Antwerp, once again chief centre of the trade, wage costs are lower—a factor

# Ten million open doors

IT IS OVER TWO HUNDRED YEARS since Edmund Halley, the astronomer, turned his attention from the stars to the study of population statistics. At about that time a similar problem on a modest scale was engaging the attention of some fishermen in Kent. They were concerned with the uncertainties of this mortal life because, being prudent men, they were anxious to make some provision for their families if their scanty earnings ceased through sickness or death. And so they joined together, as did many other similar local groups, to set up a common fund to which members made weekly contributions. These were collected (for the fishermen were sagacious men who knew the value of incentives) at the local inn.




AS far as the 'Old Dredgers' of Faversham were concerned thrift was a wholly personal matter. Today, however, it has a wider, national significance. Careless spending lies heavily upon the conscience of the dutiful citizen. He knows that if he saves money, then, in some mysterious way, it is good for the country. In the long run, of course, it is also good for the dutiful citizen. Nevertheless, the fact has to be faced that for every score of us who would willingly travel a mile to spend a pound, there are only a few who would cross the road to save sixpence.

IT is all the more surprising, therefore, to find that people do manage to save money—and, moreover, to save it consistently. Most of them—indeed, about four out of every five families in the country—do this by paying insurance premiums to agents who call regularly at their homes. This is a form of thrift that satisfies an urgent personal need. It offers immediate relief from anxieties with which the provident fishermen of Kent were very familiar. And it is a way, in many cases the only way, of giving men and women in this workaday world the confidence to make their own plans for a future in which, through endowment assurance, they and their children have a personal stake.

THIS service originated about a hundred years ago as a means of making life assurance available for folk of modest means. It has succeeded in revolutionising the thrift habits of the nation. The Victorian pioneers of industrial life assurance recognised that saving, even if it could never be made effortless, could at least be made easy. This they achieved by introducing a regular collecting service—and with it, the insurance agent. Today it is he who keeps alive the habit of thrift in ten million households whose doors are opened to him, week in and week out, throughout the length and breadth of the land. The savings of many millions of these families depend upon the personal service which he brings to their homes; and the nation depends upon it to the tune of over £40,000,000 net savings every year.

THE agent's success as a missionary of thrift arises less from what is commonly understood by salesmanship than from the services which he offers his policyholders, whose confidence and goodwill are of supreme importance. The essence of his job is to take pains to understand other people's problems. This is exemplified by the care with which he arranges his routine of weekly 'calls'. He knows how very slender is the thread that holds intact the resolution to put by ready money for future needs. And so he adjusts his methods to suit his policyholders. Many, although by no means all of them, are weekly wage-earners. This means that the agent's timetable, which takes him, on an average, to several hundred homes between one pay-day and the next, must take into account local circumstances and customs and the personal convenience of the people from whom he collects premiums.

THESE premiums total, at the present rate, about £130,000,000 annually. Twenty years ago they amounted to less than half this figure. The consistent increase in the volume of premiums collected is a reflection of the agent's ability not only to initiate, but to help sustain the habit of thrift among his policyholders. But if he were no more than an efficient collector of premiums he would scarcely be regarded, as he is in so many homes, as a family friend and confidant. When claims arise his policyholders look for quick and sympathetic attention; and his counsel is sought upon a hundred-and-one problems, many of them only distantly related to insurance. Above all, he is the man who can provide assistance and advice on the spot.

HERE, perhaps, is to be found one of the most important of all savings incentives. It springs from the recognition that thrift begins at home. It is here that motives, means and opportunities are examined in the light of domestic circumstances that vary widely between family and family. To these personal problems the voluntary thrift movement developed by the Industrial Life Offices brings a personal service that has become a factor of immense importance to the nation's economy.

***Issued by the Industrial Life Offices***

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which militates heavily against the London firms in the production of small diamonds. So, at least, I was told by manufacturing jewellers, the next stage in the journey. Here is consummated a marriage of design and handicraft in workrooms oddly modest by contrast with the extravagant cost of raw materials and product. In the case of elaborate pieces, the designer's sketch is often tried out in wax—particularly helpful when the design is three-dimensional—after which the "mounter" gets to work. In some firms he fixes his price for making a particular mount, or he may be paid time-rates of wages. Seated, like the "setter," at an indented palette-shaped bench (a centuries'-old tradition in the trade) the mounter shapes, builds and pierces his mount with the aid simply of pincers, a fretsaw, file, soldering tool and an instrument like a dentist's drill. For diamonds, platinum (or occasionally, the cheaper substitute, palladium) is the practically universal material. In "building"—and a large mount may need over a thousand solderings—platinum solder of various melting points has to be used with an oxygen jet-flame, the hardest solder being, of course, applied in the early stages. Delicate and exacting work, complicated by the current fashion for multi-purpose detachable designs which can be worn either piece-meal or assembled for grand occasions.

Completed, the mount is meticulously burnished and polished, every setting-hole being rubbed bright with linen thread dipped in jeweller's rouge. This is usually women's work, an exercise in patience rather than skill. Finally, the setters—they and the mounters form rigidly demarcated trades, though they share a common work room—put the gems in place, their chief tool being a "scorper" for cutting and "letting in." Flat, baguette stones are held by pressing inwards the rims of the mount—*e.g.*, in eternity rings—while the small stones that form, say, the leaves of a spray are fixed by raising from the mount tiny, almost invisible "grains" which clip the gem. The best British designers are now getting away from the heavy, lifeless ostentation of the late-Victorian and Edwardian periods. Fantastic in its taxed price, first-rate contemporary work has the desperate loveliness of the damned and doomed. . . .

Since his wares have a high conversion value, the gem-setter is favourably regarded by the State as an earner, through export, of foreign exchange. Towards the goldsmith the official attitude is eager. He will usually be refused an export licence unless his conversion value is reasonably high, and he can procure bullion (his raw material) only against certificates of equivalent exports effected. In so far as he can sell in a home market loaded so heavily against him with Purchase Tax, he has to depend for his supplies on second-hand gold which finds its way to the Goldsmith's Company. Apart from watch cases and a small output of gold cigarette cases—a craft whose description I propose to defer until we come to the work of the silversmith—the goldsmith's skill to-day centres mainly on chains for bracelets and watchstraps. In one Birmingham firm which dates from 1830, and still uses many patterns a century old, you may watch the process from start to finish.

First, the alloying. Grain gold and silver, in little lumps like toasted popcorn, is mixed with copper, zinc, and other special alloys to produce the required fineness and colour. The mixture, melted in a crucible and poured into a hollow iron ingot, emerges like tuppeny chocolate bars. The bars are then rolled and the sheet is "stripped" mechanically into wire which can be drawn, after annealing, to the requisite thinness. From the rolled sheet, flat pieces—for clasps and the like—are stamped; and an incredibly ingenious machine actually makes "snake" chain. With this exception, the making-up is a handicraft. At the palette-shaped benches in front of the windows of a long, brightly lit room, small teams, each under a gaffer's direction, work with the simplest of tools—pincers, file, clamps and gas-jet. The wire is wound on spits, then cut and hand-fashioned into endless permutations of links, pegs, and coils, forming mesh chains, curb chains, narrow and wide, austere or rococo. Snake chains are "lapped" to acquire a "glass" finish; the rest are polished, till every file-mark is removed, on a buffing wheel charged with rouge and tallow, and are then washed in hot water and dried in sawdust. The results are little masterpieces of patient craftsmanship.

AYLMER VALLANCE

# Number Nine Rock

If you've lived in Blackersford you know where Number Nine Rock is. It's at Ripley Glen, a three-penny tram ride out of Blackersford. It's one of the main features of the Blackersford district, as much a part of it as its textile mills. And it's just as important as the mills, perhaps more so. It's important because it's an aspect of something bigger—happiness.

The happiness can be pinpointed, a line starting at the top of Edward's Way, the broad avenue which leads into Ripley Glen, past Ripley Memorial Hospital, past the Albert Institute with its four stone lions (unsuccessful entrants in the Trafalgar Square competition), past the fire-station which looks like a Methodist chapel and over the canal to the huge sprawling hulk of Ripley Mills. Ripley Mills haven't changed much since 1850 when Seth Ripley first built them. Nor has Ripley, which he designed as a model industrial village. It's this changelessness, this sense of the past as nourishing and bland as milk stout, which soothes and quietens the nerves, which abolishes neurosis; Ripley is fixed permanently in the Victorian age. But in one of its bright patches: Ripley, with all its faults, was built for human beings to live in; it was designed as a village, a living community; it's not just a sprawl of mean houses, a huddle of rent-books. The happiness isn't an accident, for it doesn't have to fight for survival here; Ripley holds it like a sponge, it isn't eliminated by time and change, it's cumulative, a kind of benign lead acetate accumulating ever since 1850.

The road to the Glen and Number Nine Rock begins at Ripley's green belt, a few hundred yards past the mill. It's narrow and rough and almost perpendicular, but if you can't face the climb there's the Glen Tramway. The Tramway's so important a feature of the Glen that it's hard to say whether the Tramway's there because of the Glen or the Glen because of the Tramway. It's cable-run, with open cars, and there's just enough room for two on a seat; and, the side-rails being inadequate, it's considered positively ungallant in Blackersford not to put your arm firmly around your girl.

The shops begin where the tramway ends and the road broadens. The goods they sell have hardly changed since the Glen first began to be called the Glen instead of the Goit (the local term for any wooded valley). The papers are local ones—the *Sporting Pink*, the *Observer Budget*, the *Blackersford Independent*—and in the little dark wooden shops their fresh sharp smell seems to have a special excitement, a holiday in ink. The sweets are unsophisticated and long-lasting—Bottomley's mint rock, Judy Barratt's humbugs, gelatine snakes, jelly babies, and wine gums with their flavours stamped on them.

Farther on are the Glen Nurseries—roses and vegetable marrows, carnations and pots of jam. And the Japanese Gardens—zig-zag paths, monkey-puzzle trees, tiny ponds, bridges which look like toys, a willow-pattern world. And the fairground, on the same miniature scale—civilised, the amusements simple—a merry-go-round, shove-halfpenny stalls, a zoo with half a dozen monkeys and an iridescence of canaries and budgerigars, a coconut-shy, a shooting-range, slides and swings for the children, and an elevated railway which is simply a bosun's chair travelling at a very moderate speed round some hundred feet of rail. It's a daylight fair, a gingerbread and pink ribbons fair.

Inside the fairground there's a tea-garden where they don't mind you bringing your own food. Few take advantage of this now, but before 1914 most visitors brought doorstep sandwiches and huge home-made pasties to eat with their pint-pots of tea. Here pleasure was made out of the simplest materials: food, drink, the view of the Glen. And the greatest luxury was the fresh, clean air; for in a mill the temperature and humidity of the atmosphere must suit the wool, not the workers; men have been sacked for opening a window without permission. The Glen was, and is, the lungs of Blackersford. And, before paid holidays, the Glen was the only place the majority of mill-workers could afford for a holiday or, indeed, be able to reach. But this has left about the place no bitterness, only a solid happiness, a sense of infinite leisure.

There aren't many people in the tea-garden now, only an old couple and a young couple sitting at opposite tables. The old couple sit very still, immobilised in contentment. The man has a stiff blue suit and a gold watch-chain festooned with little badges across his waistcoat; his thick-soled brown boots glitter with polish, and his bowler, set firmly on his head, is as dignified as a cardinal's hat. Even the white cricket-shirt, open at the neck and spread out Byronically over his jacket, cannot destroy this dignity, the strange indestructible quality which comes unasked and unawares at the end of a lifetime's hard and ill-paid work. His wife, mountainous in flowered cretonne and a red hat with a green feather, sits with her hands folded in her lap, a look of quiet enjoyment on her face. They have about them a humbleness which makes one almost angry; they look as if they were frightened someone would take the evening away from them.

The young couple are an exact definition of what Wilfred Pickles means by Courting. The boy wears the summer best of the working-classes—a check jacket with plain flannels of the same colour, and thick-soled brogues—a fashion ten years out of date and worn with a morning-coat stiffness instead of casually. His girl with her neat, mousy hair and make-up applied with such odd, frightened discreetness that it makes her look ten years older than she really is, wears a pink rayon dress and a beige coat, both in those strange Blackersford shades which never show the dirt but never look clean. She's that most respectable of institutions, the Young Lady who is about to become a Fiancee. And her young man, though he can't be more than twenty, has already settled down: one can see at a glance that when they're married they'll call each other Mother and Father. But not yet; to-night they're not respectable, they hold hands shamelessly and look into each other's eyes; the dark is waiting for them.

The old couple don't stare at them, they don't speak to them, yet one can sense an infinite

indulgence, an almost pagan approval. The young couple suddenly rise and leave the tea-gardens, their arms around each other's waists. "Ah knaw wheer they're going," the old man says, and laughs comfortably. "Number Nine Rock," says his wife. They nod like mandarins and the old woman's huge bosom jiggles with amusement. "Too late for us nah, Josh," she says. "Nay, doant say that, lass," he says, and squeezes her waist. "Well, Ah nivver. Thar't a fond 'un," she says tenderly, and he assumes a doggish air.

The young couple walk towards the Glen. There are other young couples there too, interlaced behind the rocks, in the bracken, in glades in the woods the other side of the valley. The family parties are going home, the plump housewives have finished their knitting, the light is too dim for cricket, the cool breeze from the moors makes the men put their jackets on and fold up their newspapers; and high tea and the current "Dick Barton strip" will bring the children home from their first cigarette behind the rocks, from fording the stream and making campfires, from piracy and war and mastery of empires, from the huge cosiness of dreams.

A huge cosiness: that is the phrase for the Glen. It's a combination of space and warmth, a room that is always exactly the size you want. It's part of the moors; from here you can walk to Ilkley and never have anything but springy turf beneath your feet and have only the curlews and sheep for company—the Glen is freedom and space, claustrophobia is abolished. And it is the river, the Tramway, the walking-sticks and humbugs, the merry-go-round, the gossip over knitting, the leisured reading of the newspaper—there's shelter and company, everything is man-size, the rocks aren't big enough to be oppressive, the stream isn't deep enough to drown in, the slope isn't steep enough to break your neck. And now that evening is coming it is, above all, Number Nine Rock. There's no signpost to Number Nine Rock, but now is the time when it most easily can be found. For it is simply the place where you take your girl; for a hundred years it's been a joke in Blackersford, the reality behind teasing and blushing and clock-watching and dreaming at the loom—an odd, industrial name for Cytherea, but one which doesn't make it Cytherea any the less.

The Glen Tramway makes its last journey of the day. The tram is held up whilst a young man scrabbles frantically through his pockets. "What's 'up, lad?" says the gnome-like booking-clerk. "'As shoo spent all tha brass?" The passengers laugh, and, surrounded by that laughter, the tram glides into the green and gold twilight and the smell of the woods—cool and fresh, hot and musky all at once. The children are half-asleep with the wind on their faces, their mothers holding them and Thermos flasks and knitting and beach balls firmly to their bosoms. "Little muck-tub," says one mother in front of me, wiping the child's running nose. "Ee, thar't a bonny little muck-tub," the love in her voice so deep that one's almost embarrassed.

An empty tram passes on its way up. When one goes down the other one is automatically sent up; theoretically the Tramway could go on for ever. As the heart would have the moment go on for ever—the mother with her strange endearments, the children drugged with sun and fresh air, the couple remembering Number Nine Rock; but the moment is absorbed into Ripley, into the common stock of happiness; and already dance music spills into the night from the Albert Institute and the neon lights of the cinema advertise other and more garish Number Nine Rocks.

JOHN BRAINE

# The Arts and Entertainment

## A MIXED BAG

I DID not see *The Same Sky* when it was first produced at the Lyric, Hammersmith; but evidently some hard work has been put into it since, for at the Duke of York's, to which it has now been transferred, it made a great impression as a most poignant first play. It is written by one of our few good young actresses, Yvonne Mitchell (who, by the way, seems absurdly neglected by casting directors). *The Same Sky* is about a Jewish family in London during the blitz. The situation is a simple one, but one that rings very true as it is unfolded. The father is a strict Jew, and when his eldest daughter secretly marries a Goy, he "cuts her out of his heart." This thread is quite strong enough to carry what is, in fact, a tender and compassionate study of a rather different kind of family from the usual English stage one. The father is large, silent and simple in his faith. It is the mother who interprets him to his family and his family to him, whose warm feeling and sing-song voice generate the current which keeps this little unit quiveringly alive.

Miss Thora Hird gives a very fine interpretation of this well-written part. Her accent (like the accent of the others) may be very far from the true, but her feeling certainly is not. With a beautiful control she lifts the role on to the plane of poetry, and her restraint in the emotional scenes would draw tears from a stone. The way of life the parents represent, authoritarian and exclusive, is a relic. The eldest daughter and the young son are rebelling from it, and even the youngest daughter, who prattlingly accepts it, is already anglicised. The clash is inevitable, though neither generation wants it. What we witness is the agony of growth. Miss Frances Hyland gives a very promising performance as the eldest daughter, and Miss Joy Rodgers an assured sketch of the prattler. Miss Mitchell's little world is sharply observed, and she builds up the sense of tension and stress in her central scenes compellingly. She keeps it up until the last scene of all, where she allows a preachy note to creep in. This is a mistake; the play has spoken for itself already. *The Same Sky* is a quite exceptional first play. It is unashamedly a weepie, but I strongly recommend it, and I recommend early booking, for a play of this kind without any "names" among the actors is hard put to it to survive in London these days.

The second of the English Arts Theatre's ventures at the Winter Garden is Farquhar's *The Constant Couple*. We may hope now for a boom in Restoration Comedy, for ours is perhaps the first generation since which can enjoy erotic jokes publicly without apology or snigger; Farquhar still provides the strictly necessary setting in elegance, style and wit. The point of *The Constant Couple* is its chief character, Sir Harry Wildair, who is engagingly unashamed in his pursuit of sex. Its central situation is his mistaking, for a high-class brothel, the respectable house to which he has been introduced with a view to his marrying the daughter (when the respectable girl he is taking for one of the tarts stiltedly rebuffs him, he remarks to us in an aside, "This is the first whore in heroic couplets I ever met with"). Mr. Alec Clunes plays the main part which, up to a hundred and fifty years ago, was one of the great comic roles; and, if it had not been for one thing, I should have enjoyed his performance enormously. He carries with complete ease the frank lechery of his character, and there is no fancy nonsense about his period playing. But there is one fault growing on him alarmingly: all the time he stands on one side of himself, so to speak, and admires his own voice. In the drunk scene where his articulation is undeliberate, he is hilariously funny.

But in the rest this vocal narcissism stands between.

This kind of comedy requires for perfection the height of style and polish in acting and speaking, and these heights are not to be expected from a comparatively inexperienced company who cannot in the nature of things have had much practice in this specialised mode. Miss Maxine Audley, for instance, in the main part opposite Mr Clunes, looks and moves admirably. But she is not yet experienced enough to have control over her lines, to break them up and point them; they use her instead of her using them. All the same the company is quite good enough to give a spirited version of a play which will delight all who combine a liking for witty erotics with an appreciation of elegant language.

If *Call Me Madam* had been an English musical comedy the Coliseum audience would hardly, I fancy, have given it the same rhapsodical reception. Indeed, when Miss Cicely Courtneidge put on an English version of this story (the first appointment of a Lady Ambassador) the joke was thought to be too political for musical comedy. But here is an audience lapping up allusions to American politics with every appearance of relish. Odd. Anyhow, *Call Me Madam* is also a turn away from folk art, social realism in the musical and all that, back to love at first sight, Ruritania and all that. Miss Billy Worth is a vivacious personality who would tell more effectively in a smaller theatre. Mr. Anton Walbrook partners her with quiet, almost inaudible, charm, and Mr. Jeff Warren introduces a new kind of ugly juvenile. A pleasant rather than an exhilarating evening.

T. C. WORSLEY

## DIRECT COMMUNICATION

I WANT to discuss some unusually serious works, and so must begin with an axiom. The purpose of a painting or a piece of sculpture is to communicate experience. It follows from this that, just as in the case of utilitarian objects form and decoration must never counteract function, in painting and sculpture they must never supersede nor distort communication. Finally, paintings, like everything else, can be efficient or inefficient. Yet a lot of contemporary work has confused the issue. Many painters, who have accepted their isolation almost luxuriously, have either been concerned with obscure, probably incommunicable, experiences, or have worked on the assumption that images, shapes and colours only require an arbitrary, entirely independent justification. A similarly superficial approach has been encouraged by the tradition of holding one-man shows. Faced with the prospect of twenty paintings in one room, it is easier, both for painter and spectator, to concentrate on some general elegance of manner and handling, than on the purposeful communication of twenty distinct experiences—look, for example, at the paintings of André Marchand at Wildensteins. They are colourful, skilfully decorative pictures, but because there is no real experience behind them, they lack both inevitability and surprise. They are, as it were, a series of sophisticated awnings.

It is against such a background that I see the importance of the exhibition of *Five Young French Realists* at the Arcade Gallery. These painters, interested in their direct experience of the tangible objects and people around them in their studios—chairs, tables, stoves, nudes—have gone back to Courbet, instead of Cézanne, in order to find the most direct way of communicating it. They cannot, of course, ignore what has happened to painting during the last seventy years—their vision is inevitably conditioned by it. Rather, they are on guard against its obtuse dangers, and in this look to Courbet for support. Because their task is so direct and therefore so difficult, also because we are so accustomed to the suavity of less ambitious painters, it is very easy to dismiss their works as being clumsy and messy. Actually, three of them are certainly no more competent than average art students. Yet their work as a group is sufficiently purposeful and definite to remind us that imagination in painting is not the same thing as originality; but that it is, in fact, a question of really connecting and organising the elements of a picture on all levels.

Some of the drawings of Roger Grand (a few of them are slightly exaggerated in their Zola-like acceptance of uncouthness), and the paintings of Paul Rebeyrolle, are more fully developed and mature works. Although without any obvious didactic intention, they establish the philosophic basis of realism. They show how it differs from naturalism—the mere copying of appearances—by stressing the underlying and reliable facts of the physical world, by disclosing the common intensity of sensuous experience, by identification with the life and natural development of the subject. Their works also imply confidence and stability in a curiously indirect way: simply by virtue of the fact that they are such obviously honest jobs of work. They elevate the exercise of sensibility and imagination to the normal dignity of a trade.

However, none of this would be in the least relevant, if the exhibition did not include works which were impressive as pictures—quite apart from their implications and context. In fact, it contains two first-rate paintings, a self-portrait and a large painting of a dog, both by Rebeyrolle, who was born in 1926. In his self-portrait Rebeyrolle has sustained the architectural solidity of the composition in a way that he has not yet been able to do in his larger, more ambitious canvasses. He has also used the broken texture of the paint, which again tends to be confusing in other works, as an integral part of the drawing—observe, for example, the importance of the light flecks in the rendering of the forms of shoulders and chest beneath the sweater. It is a painting in which every mark acts as a true visual metaphor; each touch of paint retains its vigorous character as pigment and at the same time contributes to a vision of the structure, light and surfaces of reality. In the painting of the dog (which *must* be seen from the far end of the gallery) Rebeyrolle goes a stage further by establishing more clearly the articulation of forms which imply movement—in this case, the scratching hind leg. This picture, with its blunt bones, open haunches and scruffy, animal sexuality, might merely have been a welcome affront to gentility. Actually, its firm organisation of anatomical architecture and movement gives it a passion and seriousness which make it a work of much wider significance. A mongrel dog is lent the raw dignity of the Minotaur.

Finally, I should like to emphasise that I am convinced that neither of these important paintings would have been possible without the group as a whole. Only a shared sense of purpose, or outstanding genius, can now preserve a painter from the taint of exhibitionism.

JOHN BERGER

## RADIO NOTES

HENRY REED'S *The Streets of Pompeii*, the chief imaginative invention of the week, belongs to a *genre* both new and peculiar to radio—the recapturing, in terms of drama, of the topographical-historical past through the casual eye of the present. Browning (an early discoverer, by the way, of one of Mr. Reed's devices, the poetic uses of vulgarity) played often with this kind of thing; Mr. Reed's love-and-tourists among the ruins is, it seems to me, its logical contemporary development. This writer is a poet, not only in words but in design; his dialogue is apt, satirical, humorous; he is aware, too, of the occasional value of flatness. In all, the work had the ease and beauty of an uncertain, bold experiment which has chanced to fall into place. "It is wonderful; very dead and ancient," says the Italian girl of the scene. "I like things from the past to have a little mystery still," says the boy. Then they talk about each other; while the English trippers get themselves photographed with the priapic statues; an old couple reflect on the young; the young reflect very politely on the old; a lizard (Carleton Hobbs) makes anxious way among the stones. The voices of Sibyl and Traveller carry the burden and poetry of the past; the Sibyl was Flora Robson; the Traveller, Marius Goring. Douglas Cleverdon was the producer.

It is customary for the Arthurian story, like the Homeric, to have a refurbished retelling every few decades—though anyone who has ever gone through the original Malory may marvel to find how far some interpreters have strayed from the conventions of that strange and primitive chronicle. Mr. T. H. White's *The Sword in the Stone*, though written in our time, is not quite of it; the author's wit, in this brilliant antiquarian frivolity is his own (with a dash, perhaps, of Carroll); his fancy has some of the qualities of the best nineteenth-century fairy tale. But both the wit and the fancy are now, it seems, the property of Mr. Walt Disney, who kindly permitted a single, unrecorded broadcast—the one we heard on Sunday afternoon, a splendid production by Francis Dillon, with Benjamin Britten's music and a cast whose names were quite a number of symphonies. White-Disney, we suspect, should have not a little in common with Dodgson-Disney; but White-Dillon, though possibly not so much in the *Zeitgeist*, could hardly have been a happier marriage. The parts were of no less quality than the exciting whole—the languid, learned Merlin (Peter Ustinov), King Pellenore, Sir Ector, the eldritch gusto of a superb witch Mme Mim, the fish who spoke (by some necromantic juggling with the microphone), the birds of prey, the text itself, not to mention the songs. Mr. White is usually too wicked to fall into the whimsical; connoisseurs, though, may appreciate with what niceness he contrives to keep within that dangerous line.

The early Turgenev play, *The Sweetest Wine Makes the Sharpest Vinegar*, had on the air a fragile brief perfection. One reason—and it holds for most of the dramatic work of the same origin—is that in these plays with their evocative setting, the country house and garden of nineteenth-century Russia, atmosphere, time and scene are peculiarly bound up with the *idea*. The theme, in this case the failed passage of love, is not to be separated from the summer evening, the tinkling of the distant piano, the lingering precision of the leisured, plaintive voices; so that, at the moment between eagerness and disillusion, it is possible to make time stand still a little, as it did in this radio performance. Nothing of the sweet and sour of the evening's drama was missed by the chief performers; Barbara Jefford as the young girl, the charming and intelligent Vera; Michael Gough as the sophisticated, over-analytic, self-destroying Gorski.

NAOMI LEWIS

## THE MOVIES

**"Angels One Five," at the Empire**
**"Hoodlum Empire," at the Plaza**
**"Saturday Island," at the Odeon**

During the weeks without pleasure expected or unexpected—and this has been such a week—I often look for enjoyment in the cinema programmes of *What's On*. This bright sixpenny weekly has, for film addicts, the unique advantage of listing every film to be seen in every cinema in London. Supposing, then, a busman's holiday, where should I have chosen to visit? First, in the West End, Max Ophul's *Letter from an Unknown Woman*, at the Cameo, Victoria, which I should prefer to *La Ronde*, and perhaps, at the Berkeley, Fernandel in *Ignace*, a film I seem to have missed. *Rashomon* (Rialto), of course, to be seen again; *Cyrano de Bergerac* (Continentale), missed originally, to go on missing. But what about *Inside the Walls of Fulsom Prison* (Metropole), described as a "tough, brutal, minor melo. based on fact"? That, for me, seems to exhaust central London. The Tube, however, would be carrying me in all directions: to Hendon Classic for Laurel and Hardy in *Dancing Masters*, to the Hampstead Everyman for *Queen of Spades* and *Jofroi*, to the Kilburn Envoy for *We Were Strangers* (Huston's thriller of revolution in

Cuba), and to the Tooting and District Co-op. Film Society's evening composed of *Le Chien Andalou* and *The Sea-Shell and the Clergyman* (I rather wonder how that evening went off?). Quite enough for seven days; and as the London programme goes, this week's is considerably below average in variety and excitement.

*Angels One Five* pays a worthy and belated tribute to the fighter stations that won the Battle of Britain. Operations room, pilots' hut, bar, 'drome, cockpit: it's not so much that they don't come to life as that, cinematically, we've been there before. John Gregson, Jack Hawkins, Cyril Raymond, and Michael Denison give good impersonations of officer types; and most of the action is on the ground. The excitement and psychological tension that such a film should engender seem to have been whittled away by that passion for understatement which in the end rules out everything. It is our favourite form of blackmail, our Emperor's-clothes. I came away from this film, not quite unmoved, but uneasy that I hadn't felt more.

Fruit-machines create the new millionaires of *Hoodlum Empire*. A good deal of this gangster film, like *Angels One Five*, runs along conventional lines; and flash-backs from a court-room do nothing to make things livelier or clearer. But sentimental melodrama (the war, the upright Congressman, the blind padre) is lit up by flashes of genuine horror. The gangsters themselves, as so often, reveal fresh aspects of human depravity, and as Nick Mancani, "king-pin of the hoodlum empire," Mr. Luther Adler insinuates himself memorably; especially disturbing, with their beastly touch of pathos, are the moments when he shoots the woman who has betrayed him.

*Saturday Island* is the moderately cuckoo romance of a stuck-up she-doctor and a callow young marine washed ashore on a desert island: another war tragedy! Up goes the rush partition, it happens one night years later, then after a century or so an R.A.F. pilot crashes, she snips off his arm, and he's her man. But whose film?

By the way, I looked vainly in *What's On*, as I have so often looked, for a revival of *The Idol of Paris*. Are we never again to relish those uncalculated absurdities? The lady in a nightdress, for very good dramatic reasons, going out from her hotel into the Moscow snows, just as the opera-goers are coming in? Her duets with a lover paralysed down one side, so that she twines her arm round his neck to hold the violin while he plays? Her descent, or elevation, in Paris to become "queen of the half-world," her duel of riding whips in the Bois de Boulogne at dawn with a queen deposed? Here is the perfect self-parody of Wardour Street; and, at the Curzon, say, or the Everyman, it might enjoy the kind of success that once on the stage attended *Young England*.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

### Matthäus-Passion, at St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield

When Dr. Paul Steinitz announced last year that he intended a performance of Bach's St. Matthew Passion in German, dissenters could (and still can) be heard mumbling scornfully about snobbery and affectation, and the broad appeal of a masterpiece. That is not the point. The South London Bach Society's object in singing *Matthäus-Passion* was to offer an approach different from that established in English tradition: to get back to Bach's own rhythms and note-values ("*Lass ihn kreuzigen*," for instance, loses much of its drive when it gains the extra syllable of "Let Him be crucified"), and also the vocal colours of German vowel and consonant. The performance sought equally to re-establish contact with a Baroque scale of performance—the enormous Bach Choir makes impressive, but not collectively Bach-like, sounds at its annual performance, and frequently drowns the orchestra. The experiment was remarkably successful, and should be repeated; there is undoubtedly room in London for two such dissimilar conceptions. The choir of the Society is the right size, and the admirable orchestral playing could be clearly heard even in the noisiest choruses. Nearly everyone's German pronunciation was convincing, though not all the soloists were up to the mark (there would have been some flogging in the vestry afterwards, if Bach had been conducting). Dr. Steinitz's direction was eminently thoughtful and stylish, brisk in tempo but expressive and devoted. It is important not to confuse great music with great numbers, where Bach is concerned. Dr. Steinitz can do a good job in this respect: he might think eventually of performing the *Hohe Messe* in St. Bartholomew's.

W. S. M.

### Hommage à Chopin, at the Wigmore Hall

For some of us, subjected to a massed invasion of pianists with brutal fingers and unpronounceable names, the Chopin centenary of 1949 lasted long enough. But two and a half years later there we were again, bidden to pay more tribute, this time in an act of homage dreamed up by a Pole and seven French artists. It was a song-cycle, *Mouvements du cœur*, which Doda Conrad had sung on the Chopin Day in New York, and now brought to Wigmore Hall for his recital. Conrad, Polish by birth, French by his first and American by his second act of naturalisation, conceived a vocal suite in which a French poetess and six French composers might join in evoking the spirit of Chopin. Cold-blooded Englishmen might have told him that the project, though pious, was artistically dangerous.

Louise de Vilmorin wrote some atmospheric verses about youthful hopes, Polish folk-dancing, Parisian elegance and the drama of exile, designed to fit settings in Chopin's favoured musical forms. Then Conrad set the composers to work, informing each contributor of the key and mood preceding his song (rather in the manner of that rhyming couplets game, where each player sees only the last line written by his neighbour). When all was done, Sauguet was charged with framing the whole in a prologue and epilogue. Not unnaturally, the cycle as a whole lacks character, for even the verses are too wishy-washy to pull the music together. Poulenc's pretty valse, the expected welter of dominant thirteenths, is the most attractive of the seven, as Sauguet's contributions make the most interesting music, and come nearest to suggesting a work of homage. The other composers were Auric, Françaix, Milhaud and Leo Preget. Conrad's deep black voice has become rather insecure at the top, but his intelligence as an interpreter commanded respect.

W. S. M.

### London's Festival Ballet, at the Stoll Theatre

Anton Dolin's company is lively and young. It is interesting to compare its *corps de ballet* with that of Sadler's Wells, for though trained in the same style of ballet, the effect is extraordinarily different. In Mr. Dolin's *corps* there is a sense of youthful vitality quite lacking among Dame Ninette de Valois' dancers, who usually express a faint uneasiness and the feeling that they dare not smile beyond a simper. Mr. Dolin's dancers make many ugly movements and are not often exactly together, but the effect is never boring; with Sadler's Wells it is quite the other way round, for their movements are graceful and stylish, and quite often together, but the effect is strangely dull, and sitting at Covent Garden I often wonder whether they are really as bored as they seem. Dancing is in great part an expression of happiness and this is characteristic of the Festival Ballet with its new star, Belinda Wright. Her easy technique and gaiety are lovely to watch, but, unfortunately, they are matched by a coyness that, if acceptable in musical comedy dancing, is unbearable in the stricter art. This assured self-display must be overcome before Miss Wright can be looked on as more than a virtuoso. The return of Tamara Toumanova as Odile in *Swan Lake* was to me a painful occasion. Her grace was heavy and forced, while she seemed so overwhelmed by the tragedy of her part that her expression was a distorted grimace. Finally, there is one shocking matter that must be mentioned for the honour and preservation of ballet traditions: not one of the Festival Ballet tutu skirts had a frill right round the thighs. This omission ruins the effect of the skirt every time a ballerina raises her leg, which movement is as essential to the showing off of a beautifully frilled tutu, as is the tutu to the showing off of a beautiful leg.

A. V.

### French Mimes, at the Irving Theatre

Mime is an art which has no roots in this country: to most English people the word evokes only film-recollections of Jean-Louis Barrault. Actually, in France, there are at least five schools of mimers, each with its distinctive technique of movement and gesture, symbolism and image. The twelve mimes presented at the Irving Theatre are interpreted by Victor Azaria, who belongs to Charles Antonetti's school at the Théâtre Perceval in Paris, and is now teaching at the Corona Academy in Chiswick; his small company is, in fact, made up of his best English pupils. This is a show which makes demands on the audience: lacking familiarity with the art, I found the projection of the more abstract ideas occasionally difficult to follow. But at the end I was convinced that mime has a peculiar emotional eloquence of its own: it can evoke, as in *The Duel*, ripe humour, and (say, in M. Azaria's struggle with *The Invisible Man*) the whole gamut of pity and terror. For a new and vivid theatrical experience a visit to the Irving Theatre is commended.

A. V.

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# Correspondence

## SOUTH AFRICAN DEMOCRACY

SIR,—The judgment of the South African Supreme Court has drawn overseas attention to the unsuccessful attempt of the South African Government to deprive one section of the non-White population of its democratic political rights, but it may obscure the fact that the vast majority of the non-White peoples in the Union do not even possess the most elementary democratic rights.

The tercentenary of the arrival of the first White settlers is now being celebrated in South Africa, but while the White peoples rejoice, the non-White peoples cannot join in these celebrations because they are regarded as a demonstration of 300 years of white oppressive domination and colour and racial discrimination, and the present South African Government represents the apex of such oppression by its deliberate policy of Herrenvolkism unashamedly designed to enshrine the doctrine of permanent inferiority and helotry for all the non-White peoples in South Africa. It is now beginning to be recognised by White South Africans that this policy, apart from breeding hatred and resentment is also undermining the wide democratic rights and privileges of the White people themselves.

It is not generally realised overseas that the non-White peoples of the Union have no proper constitutional avenues through which to give expression of their dissatisfaction; and most avenues of protest recognised and encouraged in other countries as being normal, are in South Africa illegal and even criminal. For this reason the organisations representing the various groups of the non-White population have decided jointly to organise a campaign of peaceful defiance of unjust laws and on April 6—the day the Prime Minister is to open the tercentenary celebrations—there will be meetings everywhere to demonstrate clearly their dissatisfaction at present conditions and their determination to secure the granting of the normal democratic rights which are the right of all human beings in this day and age. The national organisation will meet again on April 26 to decide their further course of action in the campaign.

Although it will be a peaceful campaign of disobedience of unjust and harsh laws, the South African authorities have announced well in advance that they will use the sternest and most rigorous measures to prevent it. In the past, unhappily, many a peaceful non-White demonstration has been the occasion for the reckless use of firearms by the police, with consequent loss of many peaceful citizens' lives. It is feared that this will occur again.

All South African governments are very susceptible to overseas criticism and this one in particular is very susceptible to criticism by the British people, who have always shown sympathy for the underdog. Nevertheless there are all too many facets of life of the White and non-White South African peoples, of which the British public is woefully ignorant. In order to enlighten the public, a committee has been formed, consisting of progressive South Africans of all races resident permanently or temporarily in the United Kingdom: and an invitation is extended to all South Africans with a democratic outlook to join this organisation, whose first objective is the holding shortly of a public exhibition entitled "Meet the Real South Africa of Today." This Exhibition will show the real ways of life of all the South African peoples of whatever race, and their roles in commerce and industry, in politics and education, in health and sport, how they are housed and fed, and how they are organised in churches, trade unions and so on.

The intention is that all films, photographs, graphs, quotations and exhibits will be taken from or based on official South African sources; and in this connection the Committee asks your readers to donate or lend any material which may be deemed useful for such an exhibition. Naturally everything lent will be taken care of and returned afterwards. The Committee will also welcome the assistance of all interested people, whether South Africans or not, in its endeavours to present a clear picture of the present situation in South Africa. M. D. NAIDOO

31a Thayer St., London, W.1.

## MR. BUTLER'S BUDGET

SIR,—In the discussion and wrangling over the effects of the cut in food subsidies I feel that there is one aspect of the subject which has not, as far as I know, been taken up by the Opposition.

I think we have to remember that food subsidies serve two main purposes. First, they are a means of re-distributing income in favour of the less well-off in the community. They also, because they make food available at artificially low prices, encourage expenditure on food rather than on "luxuries" or "non-essentials." This latter point is perhaps of small import to the wealthy and the more responsible among the lower income groups. It seems necessary, however, that we should recognise the existence of what may be termed a "less responsible" group in the community. I want to make it clear that I feel no blame can be attached to this group for their personal shortcomings. The reasons for their "lesser responsibility" lie usually in a combination of many factors, among which may be mental instability and/or a degree of mental defect. They are a group whom I feel need all the help the community can offer and who, to some extent, need legislating for.

It would seem that the system of food subsidies met some of the needs of this group admirably by encouraging and making it possible for them to buy the food necessary for their own health and that of their children. As food prices rise so also will the temptation rise to cut expenditure on food in order to buy other things which to many of them are of equal, if not more, importance.

The cutting of the food subsidies is a move we might have expected, knowing something of the Tory principles of "setting the people free." But are they to be free to go downhill if they lack what it takes to climb up?

I would urge the Government to bear in mind that people do vary enormously in their capacity to plan their lives (and their household budget) along reasonable lines. Some may object that I am advocating unwarrantable interference in the habits of the few, but I think it is not irrelevant to point out that the habits of the few are a community concern when the health of children and of adults is at stake.

Heaton Chapel, Stockport. PEGGY GILES

## EDINBURGH HOUSING

SIR,—May I add a few facts on Edinburgh's housing to the excellent article by Neil McCallum in a recent issue of your journal?

The picture he drew of life in the emergency housing camps is, if anything, not gloomy enough, for the camp he described is one of the "better" ones. In some of the other camps the huts have no sink and no cooking facilities, so that if a mother wants even to empty away a bowl of water or to heat milk for her baby after the fire has died down, she has to walk out in the open to one of the kitchen huts.

The families living in the camps are, however, only a fraction of Edinburgh's homeless, and conditions in some of the old slum districts are even worse than in the camps. The Survey carried out in 1946 for the Edinburgh Civic Plan showed that, applying the standard of overcrowding now in use in England, nearly one-third of Edinburgh's families (32.7 per cent.) were overcrowded, and 38 per cent. of the houses surveyed (which included almost every house in the City) were unfit or sub-standard. Labour M.P. Tom Oswald, writing in *Clarion* recently, gave this description of conditions in Holyrood Square:—

"The conveniences are all outside. What look like square factory chimneys, are the lavatories, with a water tank perched precariously on top of each. Two families use each toilet, and top flat tenants, during inclement weather, actually take an umbrella or raincoat with them, because of water pouring in from the leaky roofs. . . . Almost every house is damp and when one tenant rolled back the linoleum, there could be seen a carpet of fungus caused with dampness. On numerous occasions, the ground floor tenants are required to lift the floor boards and to bail the water out between the joists in the floor. . . . Rooms are so small that when a folding bed-settee is prepared for retiring at night, it is impossible to cross from one side to the other without climbing on to and over the bed."

There are over 18,000 families on the Corporation's waiting-list. The present waiting period for a family with three children is five years three months.

Despite the size and urgency of Edinburgh's housing problem, the Corporation has failed to complete its building allocation during each of the past three years. Edinburgh's building rate of 8.1 houses per thousand population compares with the all-Scottish average of 16.3. Her arrears at the end of November, 1951, stood at 2,460 houses allocated but not yet built.

The Edinburgh City Council allots one in nine of new and re-let houses to families in which there is an active case of tuberculosis. Because of the Corporation's failure to complete the building allocations, 170 patients with active tuberculosis, who could have been properly housed, are still without a home—many of them living in conditions which make their chances of infecting others very great.

There are signs that the people of Edinburgh are beginning to realise where the blame for this state of affairs must rest. A Committee (the Edinburgh Housing Co-ordinating Committee), representing the homeless of Edinburgh together with other groups interested in housing, has been formed, has already held two successful public meetings, one of which was held in the Oddfellows' Hall on March 9. Another Committee has been set up by the Trades Council, Labour Party and Co-operative Movement, to press for an official inquiry into the Corporation's failure to complete its building allocations. Now is the time for these two Committees and all sections of the Labour Movement to co-operate in the demand for better housing. Already the Corporation has decided to increase from one-tenth to one-fifth of future allocations the number of houses allotted for private building. The next step may be to follow Glasgow's example and allow the sale of Corporation houses. Only united action by the homeless themselves and by the Labour Movement can spare the families in the slums and in the emergency housing camps the prospect of many more despairing winters in "houses" not fit for human beings.

PATRICIA ROBB

105 Newington Road, Edinburgh, 9.

## ANGLO-IRANIAN

SIR,—Critic, in your issue of March 15, is regrettably ill-informed when he passes strictures on the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company's attitude to Iranians in general and its treatment of young Iranian technicians in particular.

In the company's organisation, thirty of the highest positions were held by Iranians, who all had British employees working under them. It is doubtful if a comparable example of such integration of national and foreign employees can be found elsewhere in the Middle East.

As to the training of young Iranians as technicians, Critic is mistaken in imagining that this was in any sense a mushroom growth. Skilled Iranians in the company's employ rose in number from 7,100 in 1934 to 16,260 in 1939 and to more than 43,000 in 1950. Such a result, despite the expansion of the Iranian oil industry during that period, could only have been accomplished through the company's well-established training schemes.

Apart from theoretical training in classrooms, training shops and the Abadan Technical Institute (from which the most promising students were sent each year to Britain for still higher training) and munificent aid to the Technical Faculty of Tehran University, the company laid special stress on practical training "on the job," since similar facilities did not exist anywhere else in Iran. Consequently, many departmental strengths included 20 per cent. of young Iranians under training, and even higher percentages were not unknown.

There was no reason why any trained and experienced Iranian should not reach the top of the company's organisation through merit. Critic's suggestion that this was not the case may well have been inspired by informants who betray the well-known Iranian over-confidence—the feeling that, once a young man has passed an examination or two, his seniors should gracefully and immediately make way for him. It is, perhaps, more realistic to quote from the 1950 report of the International Labour Office Mission on labour conditions in Iran:—

"The Mission was impressed by the extent of the company's training scheme and the efficient way in which it is organized . . . The Mission formed the view that the company's training scheme is adequate and will in time provide all the trained Iranian personnel required to fill any post in the company's service."

L. LOCKHART
Anglo-Iranian Oil Co.

## HANDICAPPED CHILDREN

SIR,—Your reminder about the present lack of facilities for the education and training of mentally handicapped children, in your March 15 issue, was a timely one.

It is questionable whether, as you state, the 12,000 children on waiting lists for Special Schools are still sitting in classes in Primary Schools. No doubt some of them are, but probably the majority of them will have been excluded and will be at home with their mothers. Probably the criterion used would be the size of the class, and the ability therefore of the teacher to give individual attention to a dull child.

As you point out, the decision to postpone starting of new schools—and the tendency in some Counties to apply the 5 per cent. cuts by shelving provision of additional Special Schools—will still further aggravate the problem, and the total number of children of school age roaming the streets unoccupied will increase. This is hardly a contribution to the solution of the problem of juvenile delinquency and the supposed deterioration in our national level of intelligence and moral standards.

JUDY FRYD
Harpenden, Herts.

## ARTS IN AMERICA

SIR,—Mr. Iglehart's emotional letter accuses me of writing several things I did not write. He has selected *ad hoc* comments and elevated them into general statements. I remarked on a connection between Grant Wood and the University of Iowa. This is rapidly translated into "Mr. Grigson depicts a Mid-West interested only in 'prairie gothic.'" I mentioned that a *director of a museum* on the new museum principles disliked the attitudes of the connoisseur and the art historian so much that it seemed to me he might have tomahawked Sir Kenneth Clarke or Mr. Berenson if they had come within reach. This becomes "Mr. Grigson warns Bernard Berenson and Sir Kenneth Clarke that they may be tomahawked if they have any dealings with American art professors." I did not attack any museum for showing too many pictures as pictures, though I did suggest the danger of American museums being interested too little in what we call a "permanent collection," and too much in pictures, chop and change, as illustrations of an educational theme.

I am sorry if I made a slip about the functions of Mr. Victor D'Amico; but, essentially, Mr. Iglehart's letter is a type accusation of Old World superiority, enforced by emotive adjectives and nouns, insular, colonialism, and so on. It seems a pity if an American cannot criticise anything European without being accused of feeling inferior, or if a European cannot criticise anything American without the charge of condescension. Some facts are inevitable inside this fog. European civilisation, for one, has existed for a very long while. It is also inescapable that America exists, and has existed, in its present form, only a short while. For a third fact, this faces America with all manner of cultural problems. Most able Americans I met—and not only in the East—were far more concerned about these problems and more frank about them than Mr. Iglehart; and more blistering in their criticism than a European would care to be.

GEOFFREY GRIGSON

## CORPORAL PUNISHMENT

SIR,—Mr. Alastair Thompson's inquiries (March 22) can hardly be answered in detail in a short letter. It would be fair to say first two things: (1) if, after so many years of the use of the cane, persistent truancy, bullying, petty thieving, etc., still persist, this is surely evidence of its ineffectiveness as a deterrent; (2) our business is to find methods under which such offences do not occur. Prevention not cure should be our aim.

Thus, persistent truancy and late-coming will not occur where there is a co-operative relationship between teachers and pupils, and where teachers take pains to work with parents. The answer to late-coming may, however, be late-going. Petty thieving is (on the evidence of psychologists and those—like myself—with long experience of backward as well as normal children) the result of emotional insecurity. Where this emanates from the home, the school should try to counteract it by offering sympathy (never sentiment), firm and consistent treatment, and avoidance of the irritant of force. Bullying is imitative, and it is frequently observed that boys, after being caned, sally forth in search of a victim smaller than themselves on whom they can vent their resentment. Inattention may be the result of late hours, overwork out of school, or indifferent teaching. Again, we must aim at removing the cause. Open insolence seldom occurs where the teacher shows himself worthy of respect, but it may even then occur, as Mr. Thompson rightly observes, "for the sake of personal prestige," a form of exhibitionism. Corporal punishment panders to the desire of the pupil to make himself conspicuous as a rebel or a victim. When the class atmosphere is what it should be, such conduct will win no applause from the other children and will die a natural death. It is my experience that pupils unresponsive to one school or teacher often respond readily to another. The administration should, as a practical measure, assist heads of schools in arranging transfers in cases of real difficulty. Whether corporal punishment or less physical methods of persuasion are used, there will be many first-time failures, and infinite patience is the first qualification of a teacher. Patience, consistency and parent-teacher co-operation will solve most problems.

Mr. Thompson speaks of "a deterrent superior in effect to that which it is proposed to remove"; the Report on Rewards and Punishments in Schools shows that boys rate corporal punishment fourth on their list of deterrents, placing a bad report home first. I would certainly not imply that teachers who cane are therefore sexual perverts: it is none the less accepted that flogging or caning is sometimes the cause of perversion in victim or caner.

And, finally, three suggestions. Where such offences as Mr. Thompson mentions are frequent throughout the school, remove the head; in classes, remove the teacher; in individual cases, remove the pupil. The influence and understanding of the teacher are best exercised when he (or she) is a parent. I am. And, above all, give teachers a fair chance by giving them manageable numbers.

EDITH LLOYD
Parliament Mansions, S.W.1.

## CHEKHOV AND MRS GARNETT

SIR,—Mr. Stonier is wrong in suggesting that Mrs. Garnett "improved" *The Seagull* to suit her own prim taste. The truth is quite different. Hamlet's words to his mother, *in the Russian version of Shakespeare used by Chekhov*, are so much expurgated and refined that they have no resemblance to their original. They contain nothing, for example, even remotely corresponding to Shakespeare's "rank sweat," "stewed in corruption" or "nasty sty." To render Konstantin's inoffensive bit of abstract declamation by Hamlet's own highly offensive words is not faithful translation, it is a mere howler. If Chekhov had used a literal version of *Hamlet* he would very likely have chosen other lines, just as Mrs. Garnett did. It is not that Shakespeare's words were "too strong" for Mrs. Garnett. The point is that they are too strong for Chekhov's play. Mr. Stonier will have to find better evidence than this if he wants to call Mrs. Garnett imperceptive and unscrupulous.

H. BOOTH
4 Bedford Place, W.C.1.

## EMILY BRONTË'S POEMS

SIR,—Kathleen Raine, in her review of *The Complete Poems of Emily Brontë*, states that the poems were first published after her death by her sister Charlotte. Charlotte has been accused of many things but not hitherto of this. Surely the volume *Poems by Currer Ellis and Acton Bell*, of which a copy is in front of me, and which is dated 1846, contains some of Emily's poems, including some of the most famous, which appeared during her lifetime. Charlotte did not, I think, prepare any posthumous edition as stated by your reviewer, although she was, of course, chiefly responsible for the sisters' first venture into print.

There are many curious statements in this review. To call the traditional story element in the ballads by the Jungian phrase of "racial memory"—a subconscious phenomenon—is somewhat obscurantist; the events of the ballads took place, so far as they can be traced, within normal historical "memory."

"Emily Brontë's poetry would have been remarkable, even had it been written by a man. . . ."

The important thing about poetry is surely its remarkable quality, whoever wrote it, and it is hard to agree with your reviewer's distinction between male and female experience. Poetry comes about (your reviewer is a poet) by some intensity brought to bear upon all kinds of experience, both male and female.

J. F. HEWISH

## LYRICAL HOMAGE

SIR,—Critic's remarks on verses produced at the death of a king remind me that my Victorian grandfather, a publican and poet, penned a number of additional verses to the National Anthem. Some have a pleasantly topical flavour for to-day. One I particularly prize was "written at Llandrindod Wells, and during the visit to this country of the Shah of Persia."

And may our guest the Shah
Visit this famous spa,
Midst hills so green;
That when the tale he tells
Of Cambria's charming dells,
Not least will be Llandrindod Wells—
God save the Queen.

And what could be more delightful than
Tho' Kings of old have said,
"Uneasy lies the head
That wears a Crown"—
Let placid sleep compose
Our "Bonnie English Rose,"
Grant her each night peaceful repose
On beds of down.

My ancestor, strangely enough, had not been to a University.

NOELLE BYARD
Bristol.

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# Books in General

"The sons and daughters of men and women eminent in their generation," wrote Thackeray's elder daughter, "are from circumstances fortunate in their opportunities. From childhood they know their parents' friends and contemporaries quite naturally and without excitement." But this—when the parent is a genius and a writer—is only half of the story. Look where we will at such families, whether of Shakespeare or Milton, Wordsworth or Dickens, the parent power runs thinly; how rarely do those privileged sons and daughters, rebel and disciple alike, throw at the last a shadow of their own. Fragile, content, independent, obscure, destroyed: whatever their story, it is in their youngest days alone that they hold the imagination, for no ordinary hand has recorded their early light and promise. Yet, in a few hours' reading, some stranger, perhaps a century later, sees time and time again the child become an adult, the promise fade, the very history disappear.

But at Anny Thackeray we pause. If her place is not with the gifted failures—Pen Browning or Hartley Coleridge, nor yet with the quiet guardians of the legend—Hallam Tennyson or the daughters of Mrs. Gaskell—it is because of some quality original and vital of her own, that her life possessed and her essays and her memoirs still preserve. Her mother's madness, her father's death when she was twenty-six did not subdue it; nor even, twelve years later, her sister's death in childbirth—their first and only parting. It charmed her young cousin Richmond Ritchie into marrying her, though she was forty at the time and he twenty-three; it persisted till her death in 1919, a vigorous post-Edwardian of eighty-two. "The most sympathetic and social of beings that ever lived," said her brother-in-law Leslie Stephen, who quarrelled with her constantly. "Dearest Fat," her father called her in one of the many letters of which she is the theme, for he was as much enchanted by her kind heart and plain face as by her good brain and her wit. Yet the paradox remains; she is remembered, being her father's daughter, for the very reason that she is forgotten.

It is not an ordinary story. Thackeray had been married little over three years when his wife, the beautiful Isabella, lost her reason; she never recovered, though she lived on for more than fifty years. The two little girls, Anny and Minny, were sent to France, to the care of Mrs. Carmichael-Smyth, Thackeray's formidable and religious mother. Here, in Paris or at Mennecy (in a country house which was once the hunting lodge of Henri IV), made much of but "inconveniently young" in that grave unyouthful household, educated by their grandparents' deserving *protégés*, old ladies and gentlemen with their roots in France's bygone history, they spent their earliest years. Recalled at length to London, for their father became restless at this divided authority and divided affection, they adapted themselves like amiable shadows to the tensions of a Victorian novelist's hardworking bachelor life. Count d'Orsay, last of the dandies, might be a caller; or Leigh Hunt, a "bright-eyed active old man, with long wavy hair and a picturesque cloak flung over one shoulder"; or Trelawny, whom Anny found gazing with a scowl at his own reflection in the glass. "He frowned, walked deliberately and slowly from the room, and I saw him no more." The two girls were present on that memorable evening when Miss Bronte (in mittens, and "a little *barège* dress with a pattern of faint green moss") had come to their house, had spoken to no one but the governess, and had frozen into silence the company assembled to meet her, the host himself, at last, secretly stealing away to his club. There was an unforgettable winter in Rome when Anny was sixteen; the Brownings made the two girls welcome; an old *donna* would conduct them to their "tranquil dissipations, through the dark streets, past the swinging lamps, up and down the black stone staircases." In London again Anny took down *The Newcomes* at her father's dictation; at the Colonel's death he sent her away and wrote the words himself. At twenty—"Waltzing is Oh! so delightful," she declares. "I should like to go to a ball three times a week!" There were not many balls, however. Anny scribbled; Minny ran the house. "We three get on so comfortably together," wrote their father, relieved though surprised that no young men came to marry his daughters, "that the house is not the house when one is away."

And then, in 1863, he died. The girls moved to Farringford, entering that charmed circle where Tennyson was presiding spirit and the wild Mrs. Julia Cameron in command. They returned to London; Minny married Leslie Stephen, who joined their home; at thirty-five she died, leaving a daughter who had inherited Isabella's mental weakness. There was Anny's own marriage. "Preposterous!" shouted Millais, one of the few dissentients; "it shall not be!" But it was, nevertheless, and presently the good-humoured clever Anny has become Lady Ritchie, elegant in her lace cap, with children and grandchildren; Henry James's "dear and fantastic lady"; the subject of the charming Sargent portrait with its 1914 date.

The one is still to be seen in the other. Lady Ritchie had the surer pen; but it was Anny Thackeray who provided so much of Lady Ritchie's material. Her extraordinary memory, going back to a year or so after her birth in 1837, had enough, indeed, to record. She recalls dancing to a London barrel-organ at the age of two, and watching, as she held her father's finger, the second funeral of Napoleon sweeping up the Champs Elysées. She was now three.

> The ground (she writes) was white with new-fallen snow, and I had never seen snow before: it seemed to me to be a part of the funeral; a mighty pall, indeed, spread for the obsequies of so great a warrior. It was the snow I thought about, though I looked with awe at the black and glittering carriages which came up like ships sailing past us, noiselessly one by one. They frightened me, for I thought there was a dead emperor in each.

From the top of the Arc de Triomphe, not long after, she looked at the great view: "domes, pinnacles, gilt weathercocks, the winding river, people like grains of sand blown by the wind." But she did not care for that disembodied city; it was not her vision. A Scottish lady took her to see Chopin; the sick man played to his visitors. From the Rome winter she recalls Lockhart, "very ill, very noble, like a brooding solemn eagle," and Mrs. Kemble, silent between impressive utterances, and wearing in strict rotation, whatever the circumstance, her black, her white, her purple; her sombre or spring-like gown. There was an evening call that Mrs. Kemble paid the Brownings in their Bocca di Leone room, "only lit by a couple of tapers and by the faint glow of the wood fire."

> I looked from one to the other; Mrs. Browning welcoming her guest, dim in her dusky gown unrelieved; Mrs. Kemble upright and magnificent, robed on this occasion in stately crimson edged with gold. It happened to be the red dress day and she wore it. "How do you suppose I could have lived my life," I once heard her say, "if I had not lived by rule, if I had not made laws for myself and kept to them?"

Staying with the Trollopes she heard the novelist being called at 4 o'clock in the cold, dark morning. When he failed to get up he paid the man half-a-crown. "'The labourer *is* worthy of his hire,' said Mr. Trollope in his deep, cheerful, lispy voice." She made a journey into France at the time of the Siege of Paris: "Saw German helmets gleaming in the villages—blossoms on the fruit trees and snow lying on the ground everywhere." This piece of French history became part of her last and best novel, *Mrs. Dymond*. Travelling with Henry Irving, she noted how the porters flew for his luggage, "to which he pointed as if it had been the grave of Ophelia." She called on George Eliot ("very noble and gentle, with two steady little eyes"), and after her death learnt that she had been influenced in her decision to marry young Mr. Cross by Anny's example. She could not get to Mrs. Cross's funeral, but she went to that of Queen Victoria, though, observes her own daughter Mrs. Fuller in this memoir* of her mother, "could the old Queen have seen Thackeray's daughter present at the Abbey she might well have been displeased, for she never forgave the author of *The Four Georges* his frankness when dealing with her ancestors."

Is there a point at which life seems to fail her? It does not appear so. And yet, in those early days, in the loved prison of her father's affection, the mid-Victorian frustration of the leisured did not pass her by. To listen, to console, to play the piano (which Anny did very badly)—these were Thackeray's theoretical requirements in a daughter. "Venerating" his adored Anny's gifts, and unable to look at her work without parental emotion, he yet could never resolve his views about her writing at all. Had he seen her novels—all but one were written after his death—he might well have been thoughtful, for they reflect her curiously divided early life; unyouthful yet childlike; social but solitary. There is in each book some unsatisfied relationship between a mother and a daughter; the scene shifts always between England and France. What chiefly struck her contemporaries, however, was the fresh, spring-

*Thackeray's Daughter*. Compiled by Hester Thackeray Fuller and Violet Hammersley. *Euphorion Press*. 12s. 6d.

like quality of her writing. "A water-colour," declared George Moore of *The Story of Elizabeth*, "but what a beautiful water-colour . . . air, colour, lightness, grace, the French life seen with sweet English eyes." For once he was not expressing an unconventional view. And there is in all her work an air of spring—white clouds, white birds, sunshine and blue water; but there is also an awareness of the season's cruelty as well as of its light. A young girl in love and a little destroyed is the constant theme; it might be that of Miss Bowen. Yet in spite of the Norman peasants and the romantic *ateliers*, these tales of the Sixties and Seventies belong on their English side to the domestic novel of that time, the mirror, still, of a secure and ordered society. The novel of this *genre* joins readily the ghosts of literature; it portrays the conventions of the age, less often the wider feelings that their working engenders. Anny Thackeray's weaknesses were of another sort. She had no care for construction (Ruskin, she astonishingly said, should have been a novelist because of his descriptive gift). She was diffuse and sentimental, while regretting the detachment of the eighteenth century. She wrote about the manners of the age of security, but looked into her own rootless untypical upbringing for the material. The effect is curious.

Her novels, then, rest on the shelves. But her life has life; it persists in her essays and recollections. She was a true original—which is not the same as an eccentric. As an old lady she could persuade the Dean of Westminster and the reluctant Sir Onslow Ford to shorten the marble whiskers of her father's bust in the Abbey; she could suggest that the Pope might not be Pope in the next world; she could support Lytton Strachey's iconoclasms. By her indifference to conventional thinking she seemed never to fall behind the age in which she was living; she was not afraid, in her romantic way, of the philosophy of Socialism, nor of any change that might improve the lives of men and women. Can we, in Anny, perceive the Perrault *fée marraine* which Lady Ritchie seems at the last to become? It may be so. Luck was her gift; her genius was vitality. Her particular quality, if we can track down anything so wayward, is to be found in this.

NAOMI LEWIS

## A FOOTNOTE TO KORZYBSKI

Dawn: a good wind blows from the sea;
Noon: the shadow falls like lead;
Evening: an amplitude of dying clouds.
The day takes form inside the poet's head.

Or he goes further: 'Dawn—the day's salt'; fact
Seems to dissolve into those tides of dream.
But (as, while concepts like *electron* seem
So sharp and are by that much inexact,

Strict wave-mechanics ripple to a blurred
Unfrozen matrix of activity)
He shows abstractions not as things but skills
And forms the stricter fields of subtlety
Around that simple particle, the word.

And hears dawn lifting from the shadowy hills.

ROBERT CONQUEST

## THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

**A History of the League of Nations.** By F. P. WALTERS. *Oxford.* 2 vols. 60*s.*

At this precise moment of historical time a good history of the League of Nations is well timed. The League was killed twenty years ago, though its corpse encumbered the ground for seven or eight years longer. U.N.O., its successor, is only seven years old, but is already a corpse; indeed, it began as a still-born abortion. The failure of the League meant Hitler's war; the failure of U.N.O. means that the whole world cowers under the threat of a third world war. A plain, straightforward account of what the League did and what was done to it is useful at this moment when we stand on the brink of another worst war in history, because it may help us to understand why the international machinery, which everyone agrees is necessary to prevent the wars which nobody wants, does not work. We may perhaps then understand why we get the wars which nobody wants.

Mr. Walters has given us exactly the kind of history of the League which is wanted. He was in the Secretariat at Geneva throughout the League's existence and he was Deputy Secretary-General. He knows his subject inside out and, unlike many League-lovers—and for that matter League-haters—keeps a level head and a sense of proportion even when dealing with the John Simons, Neville Chamberlains, and Pierre Lavals, who did so much to emasculate the League and make Hitler's war inevitable. He gives us in chronological order, first an account of the making of the League and the anatomy of its constitution, and then a sober history of the way it worked and did not work, the functions which it performed, the way in which its machinery was used, not used, or misused, its successes and its failures. He is concerned to give the facts rather than opinion or comment, but in a work of this kind the author's opinions are necessarily of great importance and cannot be concealed, for they determine what facts he considers to be relevant. Mr. Walters is naturally a League man, and he does not conceal it, and he is interested in the League primarily as an instrument of international government and of peace. In his book we follow the three phases in the League's history. First, owing to the desertion of America, almost complete inanition. Then suddenly, in 1921, the statesmen of the Great Powers for the first time decided to use the League in a political international question of the first importance, when they handed over to the Council of the League the deadlock on the Silesian question arrived at in the Supreme Council. Hardly anyone believed that the League would succeed in dealing with this difficult problem; indeed, Mr. Walters tells how, when the journalists waiting outside the Quai d'Orsay "in expectation of some dramatic break between France and Britain, were told that Briand and Lloyd George had agreed to appeal to the League, they broke into incredulous laughter." The League Council acted with great vigour and succeeded in settling this difficult problem in six weeks. This success inaugurated a period of ten years during which the League steadily increased its range of action and its authority as an instrument of peace, order and international government. It ended, as Mr. Walters' first volume ends, with the year 1931. After that came the third period, which fills Mr. Walters' second volume, the years of conflict and the years of defeat, as he calls them. The League was defeated and destroyed in Manchuria and Abyssinia, and the war of 1939 was the logical sequel.

Mr. Walters gives us the facts; he does not enter into the argument why the League "failed." But his facts do give the answer to that question and the further question why U.N.O. has failed more completely and more dangerously than the League. As machinery the League was good enough to prevent war and lay the foundations of international government. If this was not the case, why, after the twenty years' experience of the League and a second world war, did the governments of the world, when they once more really wanted to prevent a world war—why did they set up almost precisely the same political machinery and international system as in 1919? The reason is so simple that one is ashamed to state it, and practically no one will believe it. To prevent large-scale wars the world must have international government. That means that we require both the machinery of international government and the will to work it. In the League we obtained, not a perfect international machine of government, but one good enough to perform its purpose. For a few years it actually did begin to establish a system of international government such as the world had never known before, a system which, developed and strengthened, would have prevented another war; it did so because people and governments were so anxious to prevent war that they had the will to use the machinery—and the League worked. Then arose governments in Japan, Italy, and Germany determined to pursue their ends by war or the threat of war, and governments in the "peace-loving" countries unwilling to make the "sacrifices" required by the League system to prevent war. And the peoples supported their governments. So we all made the sacrifices required by six years of war. In Moscow, Peking and Washington the process seems to be repeating itself. The amœba, the worm and the slug are said to learn by experience, but not that political animal, man.

LEONARD WOOLF

## ZOLA

**Emile Zola.** By ANGUS WILSON. *Secker & Warburg.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

This is a short introductory study of Zola's life and novels and, as one would expect from Mr. Angus Wilson, a pithy, searching and decided one. It combines a speculative psychological approach to the personal sources of Zola's art, with perceptive judgments on the works; and the revaluation which is beginning, after a long eclipse, will benefit from Mr. Wilson's discernment. Those who have enjoyed the recent translation of *L'Assommoir* (*The Dram-Shop*) will find their pleasure enlarged by this study. There is, however, some repetition in the latter part of the book as Mr. Wilson turns the figure round for inspection. There is also a minor quirk: Mr. Wilson uses the unusual word "etiolated" far too often. But all critics have their favourite word; indeed many are engulfed by well-known phrases. Mr. Wilson is free from those.

In his view, the personal basis of Zola's work is the adolescent struggle to retain the visions of childhood. Forced by poverty to renounce these dreams, he transformed them into a nightmare world, which avenged him for his disillusionment, "by forcing from society the success and recognition his pride demanded." The familiar Freudian theory, but a useful one. It suggests a plausible pattern, if it cannot explain the peculiarity or the power of Zola's imagination. We can guess something from the fact that his father's family were of Italian-Greek origin. One would like to know more about that, for he is an exotic in French literature and appears to write out of the resources of an uncommonly violent, passionate, tender and even primitive character, as if he belonged to an earlier civilisation. There are, in his preoccupation with sexuality, changing elements of hatred and idyllic fantasy, which can be traced to a number of sources in social and family conflict: he hated the public sexual promiscuity among the lower classes in Aix, because his respectable middle-class family were driven downhill almost into the working class by the death of his father; he had the love-hatred of an only child brought up by a strong-minded mother, and he was to marry a mother figure. The excessive sexual symbolism in his work—the engine in *Germinal* for example—have suggested to some critics the fantasies of impotence and, of course, his marriage was sterile, though his

liaison with Jeanne Rozerat was not. But, if he had grown up more normally, he would still have had his most extraordinary trait: the unique greed of his senses of sight, taste, hearing and smell, the sense of physical life which amounts to voracity. This, I would have thought, was innate in him; I doubt if his gift for sexual detail ought to be traced, as Mr. Wilson traces it, to his disastrous affair with a prostitute. Zola's over-mothered life prepared him for disgust. The laundry scenes in *L'Assommoir* are poetic, though through excess they lead to bemusement and revolt. The poetry is in the appetite and it is this that redeems, as Mr. Wilson says, a great deal of Zola's solemn documentation.

Zola's great ambition and his enormous will (even his pursuit of publicity, which, as Mr. Wilson shrewdly says, is an extension of the doctrine of art for art's sake), seem to have sprung from social shame and his father's failure. More dramatically than any other nineteenth-century writer, Zola illustrates in his own life the sexual double-thinking that is formed by the will to power. Once he obtained sexual happiness, he ceased to be a writer of any account—though here we must point out that the happiness came late in his life, when his imagination was becoming exhausted. Mr. Wilson sees this: he is not a writer of the single explanation. In the inevitable comparison with the life and work of Dickens, and especially in their attitude to ruthlessness, Mr. Wilson makes a suggestive distinction. He is discussing Zola's approval of Eugène Rougon, the strong-willed, masterly and self-mastering politician:

> (in) Dickens ruthless people are almost always villains. Since both writers were ambitious, successful men, the contrast is a curious one. The explanation, I believe, lies in the fact that Zola was able to face the ruthless element in his own campaign for success, because he was naturally a kindly man, whilst Dickens could not do so without acknowledging the deep sadistic element in his emotions.

Both Zola's gentleness and his love of luxury persuaded him against that violence in politics which his rather simple determinism might have led to. The basis of a meridional nature is, indeed, complete: orgy and tenderness.

Mr. Wilson's analysis of the novels is, in the space, very good. He has consulted the notebooks in which Zola set out his plans, and the value of Mr. Wilson's stress on the sexual theme is increased by his study of its varying patterns. He is very good on the importance of Zola's interest in Impressionism. He throws out a great many ideas, as he goes along. One about which I cannot make up my mind is that the novelists of the nineteenth century derive their scope and power from the fact that they have deeper reserves of childhood experience than the novelists of the twentieth century, Proust alone excepted. It may be so; but how can one tell? Did they not have a more chaotic, less formed, more violently exposed and agitated society to live in that we have had; were they not formed by it? Has there been anything in our time to compare, for example, with the theatrical rapacity of the speculators and industrialists of Balzac's time or of the Second Empire? Zola himself was a triumphant exploiter and money-maker, a phenomenon in a phenomenal world.

V. S. PRITCHETT

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## ART'S SCIENTIFIC CREDENTIALS

**The Philosophy of Modern Art.** By HERBERT READ. *Faber.* 25*s.*

Mr. Read is our most paradoxical aesthete: for him science is poetic and poetry scientific. He is also the most important writer on art in English now living. "If you wish to reduce surrealism to its foundations you will find the only basic elements on which any useful structure can be built—the basic elements of natural science and psychology," he writes in *Surrealism and the Romantic Principle*, one of the fourteen essays, written over a period of fifteen years, reprinted in this new book. Such a materialistic basis is equally the "reality" into terms of which Herbert Read has always sought to translate the fantastically varied and conflicting artistic phenomena comprised by the modern movement. Mr. Read's critical vocabulary is derived to an extraordinary degree from the natural sciences, psychoanalysis having, perhaps, contributed as much as all the others put together. Even if one feels—as I do myself—that the interpretation of art in scientific terms is likely to be more interesting to the scientists than the artists; even if one believes, that is, that art provides its own proper vocabulary of appreciation—being a self-reliant activity—nevertheless, one recognises that Mr. Read's achievement in thus giving art its passport into a world dominated by science is of immense importance. There is probably no branch of the visual arts in England to-day but has had its life renewed, its status enhanced, as the more or less direct result of Herbert Read's tireless and quite extraordinarily intelligent advocacy during the past twenty-five years.

It is perhaps as a philosopher rather than a critic that Mr. Read has made this tremendous impact on our thought and practice; and this, in his present Preface, he explicitly admits. The title of this book is apposite, for "what, if not philosophic, is this activity I have indulged in . . . for the best part of a lifetime?" And he reflects that it is neither critical nor historical.

> The method I adopt may be called philosophic because it is the affirmation of a value-judgment. To be precise: I believe that among the agents or instruments of human evolution, art is supremely important. I believe that the aesthetic faculty has been the means of man first acquiring, and then refining, consciousness.

Or, again from the Preface,

> Aesthetic activity is biological in its nature and functions; and human evolution in particular, and by exception, is differentiated from animal evolution by the possession of this faculty.

Could more tremendous claims be made for art? Mr. Read's whole philosophy is seen in microcosm in the above sentences: here, if it can be created, is a structure which, like Sartre's existentialism, is supremely ambitious, aiming to provide a total, all-embracing, self-sufficient system which will integrate all known opposites: science and religion, art and philosophy, thought and feeling, reason and intuition. I am not competent to say whether Herbert Read has succeeded in erecting this edifice, except, possibly, where it impinges on art and art criticism. One might be excused, however, for wondering whether, in an age of technical brilliance in an expanding multiplicity of separate, specialised departments of knowledge, one man's passionate conviction can succeed in making a new synthesis that will challenge, to some extent, physicists, biologists, physiologists, psychologists, sociologists, art historians, critics, poets and artists (to name only a selection of the experts involved), each on his own ground. Only a writer with the passion, integrity and intellectual energy of a poet would set himself such a task. And only a man of great intellectual daring, encyclopædic knowledge, acute sensibility and aesthetic awareness, exceptional ratiocinative powers, and deep moral seriousness could hope to succeed. I believe Mr. Read possesses these qualities: if *anyone* can create a new philosophy of art on these lines which will hold the respect of that host of intellectual technicians who form, for better or worse, the least unenlightened section of our public, that person is Herbert Read.

Although it is essential to recognise that everything Mr. Read writes—whether on Wordsworth, anarchism or Naum Gabo—is pressed into the service of this gigantic constructive effort, the only way to treat any single aspect of it is for the relevant "expert" to consider Mr. Read's treatment of that aspect purely on its own merits. When Mr. Read is writing about Gauguin, Picasso, Klee, Paul Nash, Ben Nicholson, Moore, or Pevsner and Gabo (there are separate essays on all these artists in the present volume), how does what he says impress someone who is spending his life in the study or practise of painting? The answer is probably, in most cases, very slightly paradoxical: I feel myself that Mr. Read shows, at one and the same instant—often in the same sentence or paragraph—an undeniable insight into a given painting or sculpture *and* an equally undeniable aloofness from it. At different times, therefore, I have held opposite views as to Mr. Read's true capacity for response, confronted by a visual work of art. I have felt, on the one hand, that his main passion was not for the picture itself so much as for the meaning of the picture; not for the specific work of art, but for the fascinating system of thought it gives rise to in himself. He hardly ever comments, for example, on the actual physical qualities of a painting—or rather, he does not *dwell* on these qualities. Comment—yes; but his commentary moves rapidly away from the particular, concrete example into interpretation—in a word, it moves almost immediately into the realm of aesthetics, philosophy or even sociology.

But no sooner is one fully conscious of this fact than the pendulum of one's judgment begins to swing away in the opposite direction. For how, one reflects, can the "fascinating system of thought," to which Mr. Read's consideration of a painter's work leads him, *be* fascinating if it is in fact divorced from a real contact with that work, or is devoid of insight? Only once or twice in the 268 pages of this book have I felt that Mr. Read was imperfectly aware of the work under discussion. The truth is, Mr. Read's digressions into theoretical interpretation are not really discursive at all since they are in fact based all along (even when they do not declare it: reticence is the essence of this most audacious writer) on first-hand perception. What is probably true, however, is that he consciously refrains from that "communication of sensuous pleasure" which he once wrote was Roger Fry's "real art." Certainly Fry's great achievement was the elevation to full consciousness of the actual optical experience of works of painting or sculpture. Mr. Read is Fry's greatest successor. This he would never have become if he had been content to emulate Fry in respects in which Fry was supreme. Besides, the times moved on. Since Fry was writing, the multiplicity of movements, crossing and recrossing in one another's paths, has rendered a more strenuous attempt at classification, comparison and interpretation a prime necessity for contemporary criticism. This, precisely, is what Mr. Read has concentrated upon. He alone has squarely confronted the inchoate movements and revealed an order in seeming chaos. In *The Modern Epoch in Art*—the most interesting essay in this very important book—he remarks: "It is the co-existence of the image and the symbol, as norms of art, which explains the apparent con-

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plexity and disunity of the modern movement." Cézanne, the last of the "scientific" painters, whose relation to their external surroundings was the objective one typical of science, was the final master of "the image." Gauguin and Van Gogh, in reintroducing "the symbol" register the beginnings of that landslide into subjectivity (or poetry) in which Western art has ever since been engulfed. Such is but a fraction of the potent argument in which he here opposes image and symbol. Space forbids me to argue that every image, once it is made concrete in art, rapidly becomes a symbol. PATRICK HERON

## THE WORLD BY PROXY

**Island of the Swan.** By MICHAEL MALIM. *Longmans.* 16*s.*

**Beyond the Windy Place.** By MAUD OAKES. *Gollancz.* 18*s.* 6*d.*

**'Ti-Puss.** By ELLA MAILLART. *Heinemann.* 18*s.*

Trussed up by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the roving English are in for a long spell of vicarious travel. A few pounds' worth of a second-class European hotel is about all the direct experience within their reach; for anything farther off or longer drawn out they must depend on the writings of those who, on one pretext or another, have slipped through the Treasury net. And there are advantages in this for both writer and public. The writer can spread himself boldly and freely and joyously without much fear of contradiction; and the reader is spared the mosquitoes, the smells, the brushes with authority and the expense. The chief drawback from his point of view is the same one as discourages many from that other way of travelling cheap, the conducted tour. It is impossible to choose the society beforehand or to escape from it *en route*. Beside himself with glee at the prospect of a trip to India with Miss Maillart, he may refuse even to consider a sojourn in Guatemala in the company of Miss Oakes: or vice versa.

He would have to be a thoroughly awkward customer if he could not manage to get on with Michael Malim. *Island of the Swan* describes a year spent in Mauritius and it is one of the pleasantest travel books to appear for some time. The author is a civilised, humane person with a fresh eye and an admirable gift for description, whether it is of the wonderfully dotty island characters in whom he clearly delights, or of its beautiful scenery and flowers and its customs. The old Mauritian families are French in origin and affection—a *canard* of Mr. Malim's to the effect that the little Dauphin Louis XVII might have been smuggled out to the Ile de France and have ended his days in Mahé starts an excited rustling of pedigrees in aristocratic circles—but on the whole are loyal in a vague, cynical way to England, La Métropole. This does not prevent some of them from referring to the Governor as *le phon-padding* and wishing that the Colonial Office had a firmer idea of their whereabouts on the map. The sure rapid sketches of these people, dreaming their grandiose way through life in the decay of their power, are among the happiest things in the book. Mr. Malim does not ram information down the reader's throat and there are no political bees in his bonnet. He writes as a novelist would, with sympathy and imagination and insight: by careful selection he builds up a charming picture of this little-known community, its anxieties, phobias, racial tangles, kindnesses and certain of its engaging lunacies.

Miss Maud Oakes is a bird of another feather, all purpose, all seriousness. An American Foundation sent her to Todos Santos, an isolated *pueblo* in the Guatemalan highlands where the ancient religious customs of the Indians have so far survived the assaults of Catholicism. In return, for information wheedled out of the *chimanes*, or native priests, she bestows on the village the boon of disinfectant, medicine, dollars and good advice. She is fond of straightening people out, paying their debts, telling them taradiddles about her native land ("In my country all people are equal") and trying, mostly in vain, to stop them spitting on her floor. The excellent lady is no writer at all, although to have made so prosaic a book out of so richly poetic a material may be thought an achievement in its way and calling for its own kind of technical mastery. We must hope that the Indians realised the precious secrets they shared with her were to be given to the world at large, and that a shock brigade of Jesuits is not even now on its way to mop them up. It is unlikely that the general reader will be greatly diverted by Miss Oakes on the Indians: but the Indians on Miss Oakes should provide the subject for an entertaining paper, if some resourceful student ever collects the material.

Admirers of Ella Maillart may be somewhat taken aback by her latest work. It is described as a travel book, and there are, in fact, some delightful pages describing things seen when she went, as many western ladies before her, to sit at the feet of Indian sages. It is mainly concerned, however, with the activities of one Mrs. Minou Wildhusband, *née* 'Ti-Puss Push-i-kin, and known either as 'Ti-Puss or Zoli-Puss, both being short for Joli Petit Pussy.

> 'Ti-Puss, can you believe it? Visvanatha says that there is a real fir forest up there and that the bracing air helps us to meditate, giving us patience and strength for our deep search! . . . also cream is to be found there, and raspberries, he says.

We set off for Kodai Kanal and the raspberries and cream; but no sooner do we begin to enjoy the ride, in a third-class railway carriage full of Indian women, than Pussy wants to go to the loo and we must break off for a page about that. Now Pussy fractures a bone—or did some rascal fracture it for her? then Pussy has Kittens: all through the book Pussy is lost and found, lost and found: and off and on in the oddest way Pussy gets all snarled up with the eternal verities. Pussy figures in fourteen of the nineteen illustrations.

Only those who are madly in love with a little furry creature of their own will be able to stay the course. The rest must wait in sorrowful patience for the day when Ella Maillart sets out once more with a nice two-legged friend.

HONOR TRACY

## NEW NOVELS

**Spring's Green Shadows.** By CECILY MACKWORTH. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

**The Deadweight.** By WAYLAND HILTON-YOUNG. *Cresset Press.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

**The Oracle.** By EDWIN O'CONNOR. *Reinhardt & Evans.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

**The Wastrel.** By FREDERIC WAKEMAN. *Wingate.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

**The Path of Thunder.** By PETER ABRAHAMS. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

For Senators, film stars, and export executives, the Atlantic is getting much smaller; and if you go into any popular dance hall you might think it had disappeared altogether. For millions of Europeans who would like to cross it, however, it has become endless, a North West passage hard to find and impossible to traverse. For writers too, it has become wider, a portentous expanse of fogs and icebergs, to be crossed only by the great Cunarders of the Book Clubs.

The novels which achieve big sales both in Britain and in America are very few in number; the most promising feature of an unpromising situation is that among the mass of Digest cosmopolitanism, Pollyanna fantasy, and low-class rubbish, the works of a few of the most important novelists on both sides continue to do pretty well. The process of cross-fertilisation, which Henry James so profoundly experienced and so nobly registered, is still more than a memory. But not perhaps for much longer. The Atlantic that rolls between young English writers and young American writers—"young," with writers, as with barristers and politicians, meaning under 45—will soon be impassable. On the one side the placid, introspective, amateurish and delicate essayist in personal relations, happy with few "perceptive" reviews and a sale of two thousand copies; and on the other the desperately professional, socially-conscious reporter, trembling between the heaven of a Literary Guild Selection and the hell of a catastrophic seven-thousand-copy flop.

Miss Mackworth's and Mr. Hilton-Young's novels on the one hand, and Mr. O'Connor's and Mr. Wakeman's on the other, all of which offer something of what is pleasing in their national style, are nevertheless marred in their achievement, and rendered questionable in their promise, by what is typical and provincial in them. *Spring's Green Shadow* and *The Deadweight* deal in rather similar material, the struggle of a girl to outgrow a spiritual limitation. Miss Mackworth's heroine, Laura Gethryn, is afflicted by a dominating, disappointed mother and a feeble, ill-tempered, invalid father; her only escape, as a child, is into the household of the local schoolmaster, a devout Methodist with a brilliant academic past and a slightly mysterious present. Her ultimate release is effected through her relationship with the schoolmaster's son, and involves a stay in Paris. Mr. Hilton-Young's Anna Emerson is tormented by the belief that she "carries" disaster, as some people "carry" typhoid, and we follow her from a trivial childhood accident, through the death of a fiancé, and through a love-affair which is in the end unhappy. Miss Mackworth scores by a cool approach, crisp narrative, and irony; Mr. Hilton-Young by an untypical mixture of the clinical and the sensuous in his treatment of his heroine's seduction, and by the way in which he evokes the atmosphere of a

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How violent is the contrast in the two American novels! In *The Oracle* the world of telegrams and anger has become the only world; the characters have no genuinely personal or private life at all. The novel is a straightforward, fast-moving, witty, but not very subtle satire on a radio commentator, a yahoo who suits the taste of an audience of five million other yahoos, who, however, are almost deprived of their pleasure in him by his greed in demanding more money from his sponsor, a splendid Neanderthalian millionaire. This jungle side of American life clamours to be satirised, but it is characteristic of the American situation that Mr. O'Connor has not written the genuinely ruthless book which is wanted, but only a book which might be advertised as "an entertaining exposé of the radio racket." It rather resembles, in this respect, Mr. Frederic Wakeman's sizzling novel *The Hucksters*, which was the better of the two.

As for Mr. Wakeman's new book, it is disappointing. The wastrel of the title is an unremarkable rich American, who, at 40, is told by his doctor: "You've drunk, and you've played and you've screwed yourself into a state where you must cut out most of it"—he has in fact a flawed coronary artery. When a fast motor boat goes to pieces under him and his nine-year-old son his yachting experience enables him to work out a course which will allow them to drift ashore, avoiding dangerous rotary currents. During this all-night drift we have—need it be said?—the story of his life in flash-backs. What with the heart condition, the story is thus put into a framework of danger, action and suspense, by a device which might appear well-conceived, but which seems to me, in its slightly gratuitous ingenuity, the boldness of its claim for attention, to have a smart huckstering air very characteristic of the American novel to-day.

*Path of Thunder* is something quite different from any of these books. Mr. Abrahams is a South African Negro, and his book is a denunciation of the treatment of Negroes and coloured people in his country. Naive as a piece of novel-writing, it has the same kind of force as had Upton Sinclair's celebrated "muckraking" novels. The picture which Mr. Abrahams paints is, if anything, even more shocking than what one reads in the newspapers, and if it is not exaggerated, it makes the Southern States of America look almost progressive. But it is part of the tragedy that a writer such as Mr. Abrahams should be driven to write a book so crudely propagandist.

J. D. SCOTT

## COLLABORATION WITH THE PAST

**The Making of France.** By MARIE-MADELEINE MARTIN. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 21*s.*

Mlle Martin's inquiry into the origins and development of French patriotism was awarded the *Grand Prix d'Histoire de l'Académie Française* and now appears in an English translation. It contributes very little to the understanding of French history but is of considerable interest as illustrating an influential section of contemporary French opinion. True French patriotism, Mlle Martin tells us, is a synthesis. Her first hero is St. Louis, under whom there were achieved the remarkable syntheses of social conflicts in the corporate state, of the ideals of pagan antiquity and Christian theology in the works of Aquinas, and of territorial aggression and true faith in the Crusades. Richelieu and Louis XIV improved upon this and were able to reconcile the patriotism of St. Louis with the teachings of Machiavelli. The eighteenth century, however, saw a complete break in this happy development, for French philosophers then preached "a pernicious ideology based on an inaccurate science of human society." Mlle Martin's last hero is Charles Maurras who rediscovered true patriotism in a grand synthesis of French interests, Greek wisdom, Roman order and Christian revelation.

It is easy to ridicule all this, especially since it is claimed that the book is serious history based on exhaustive research; but it is more rewarding to notice how Mlle Martin sets about making this nonsense plausible. First, she claims scientific detachment; and since she holds that France was not born until the twelfth century she is able to advertise her detachment in the early chapters. "Party feeling," we are patronisingly told, "makes historians commit errors which are often amusing." Thus reassured the reader is then invited to distinguish between realities and abstractions. Mlle Martin works this distinction hard. The wars and persecutions of the *Ancien Régime* show an admirable concern with realities; those of the Revolution exhibit the disastrous consequences of "ideological propaganda on an international scale." Lastly there is much play with the eternal laws of the universe, laws which, though unspecified, were understood and obeyed by those who governed France before the Revolution, and ignored or flouted by all since the Revolution except for Charles Maurras. Mlle Martin has learnt the lessons of casuistry and earned her prize. But if her book amuses the historian it should alarm the politician.

J. O. PRESTWICH

## SHORTER REVIEWS

**Korean Reporter.** By RENE CUTFORTH. *Wingate* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Cutforth was B.B.C. correspondent in Korea from December 1950 until July 1951; by the calendar of events, from the retreat from the Yalu River until the beginning of the Kaesong truce talks. Like other correspondents who have had to cover this harrowing and unrewarding assignment, he felt on his return the need to exercise his devils by writing of his experiences. We may be thankful he has done so. For, within its intentionally limited compass, this book gives a breathtakingly vivid picture of Korea and its war. The author concerns himself not at all with the rights and wrongs of the U.N. cause in Korea, and only slightly with judgements on the methods employed. His pen is like a camera in the hands of a precocious and observant child. Everything it is pointed at is recorded sharply, economically, permanently; the decision what to take is capricious. Indeed the omissions are both irritating and perplexing. As a comprehensive chronicle of events the book is thus of little value. But as a description of certain selected events, of the feel of life in war-stricken Korea, it is invaluable. Few living newspapermen are better able to catch a horror as it flies; and the almost complete lack of interest in moral judgment gives the reporting a clinical quality which somehow emphasises the poignancy of the events described. This, one feels, is the sort of book which the troops in Korea would wish their families at home to read.

**Christopher Marlowe.** By PHILIP HENDERSON *Longmans.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Tyrone Guthrie's Old Vic production of *Tamburlaine the Great* was an event among other things in Marlowe scholarship. Rupert Brooke, Mr. Leslie Hotson, Dr. Mario Praz, Miss Ellis-Fermor—these in a rough chronological order are a few names out of many, and will perhaps indicate the atmosphere of mounting excitement which was bound to culminate in Marlowe's plays breaking out of library walls into streets and theatres. Mr. Philip Henderson has modestly and learnedly provided a chart of the cyclone, all the more useful for being frankly just that.

The third of a new series called *Men and Books*, it is half biography, half criticism: eighty pages of Marlowe's life and death in the light of recent research, and a second eighty in which Mr. Henderson takes each play separately, setting out all that is known of texts, stage history and sources, summarising the plot and adding a critical scrutiny. The effect is workmanlike and more impressive than this account may suggest. We begin to see—the habit of tabulating is catching—(i) that when Marlowe wrote the *Massacre of Paris* or even the *Jew of Malta* he was not writing poetic farce, he was writing out of personal experience as secret agent and knew the shape of such events at first hand; (ii) the poetry is in the intellectual rebellion, Marlowe was as drunk as Faustus with learning and speculation; (iii) we can see new heights in his

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work because bitter experience is teaching us to plumb some of his depths; and lastly (iv) the new work of the Marlowe scholars gives us a key not only to Marlowe but to his successors and to the whole map of Elizabethan poetry. To bring together over Marlowe's work these specialists and us common readers—common writers too—is Mr. Henderson's useful function.

**Speaking of Switzerland.** By G. R. DE BEER. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 21s.

Dr. de Beer is our foremost authority on travellers in the Alps; indeed, one criticism of the present entertaining medley is that its title panders to the popular fallacy that all Alps are Swiss. In two previous compilations, published in the Thirties, he presented the more important fruits of his research—the Alpine journeys of the famous and interesting, the main travel-routes of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, conditions of roads and inns. Now in this volume—in which nine of the twenty chapters are new, the rest reprinted from his Penguin *Escape to Switzerland* (1945) and various periodicals—he gives us the byways of research. Nameless Britons mentioned in other travellers' narratives are neatly identified: light is thrown on the eccentric Lord Camelford, who wanted to be buried on Rousseau's island in the Lake of Bienne; the atheistical inscriptions in Greek which Shelley is known to have made in visitors' books are collected, discussed and placed.

Such pleasant puzzles are primarily for other enthusiasts. Of more general interest are the chapters on early winter visitors, on the use of mountain metaphors in poetry, on the evidence (from unhackneyed sources) of liking and hating the Alps, on the composers—Liszt, Wagner, Brahms—who sought inspiration in the Alps, on the painters who have never yet done justice to them. Three short, unpublished narratives are reprinted—they record crossings of the St. Gothard in the 1590s and in 1610, of the Splugen in 1648. The most entertaining chapter quotes Turgenev's conversation between the Jungfrau and the Finsteraarhorn, and a play written by a ten-year-old boy in 1872, whose characters include "Blanc, emperor of the Alps; Rosa, his wife, Cervin, his prime minister, Schreckhorn, a police-agent; Chimoulari, king of the Himalaya, and Everest, his son."

**The Gilbert & Sullivan Book.** By LESLIE BAILY. *Cassell.* 42s.

In 1947 Mr. Leslie Baily was commissioned by the B.B.C. to write a series of programmes about the Gilbert and Sullivan partnership. Out of the great wealth of material that he found, and systematically examined for the first time, has grown this fascinating book. The result is four hundred-odd pages of information which, as well as constituting beyond doubt the standard reference book on the subject, make the most entertaining reading.

The book gives biographies of both partners, a detailed history of each opera, including those Sullivan wrote with other collaborators, and Gilbert's many, now forgotten plays; the story is set squarely in its period, and enlivened with relevant anecdotes. The various causes of dissension between the two men are carefully examined and explained, a whole long chapter being devoted to "the carpet quarrel." There is scarcely a page without an illustration: photographs of Gilbert and Sullivan, artists of all periods, reproductions of letters, scores, playbills and programmes, and many lively sketches, some of them by Gilbert himself. Both men are drawn sympathetically—Sullivan perhaps was too much to the Victorian taste to be wholly to ours, and we have a sneaking preference for Gilbert—and there are interesting sketches of Lady Gilbert, D'Oyly Carte and his wife Helen, Sullivan's first love Rachel Scott Russell, his second Mrs. Ronalds, and his last Miss Violet, whom he met when he was a dying man. Perhaps the most striking fact that comes across to the reader is the enormous effect Gilbert and Sullivan have had on the lighter side of English theatre. They raised the standard both of acting and of taste; Gilbert brought discipline and a high level of accuracy to the production and setting of his gay and satirical lyrics; Sullivan's charming melodies set a standard of excellence that has never since been surpassed in musical comedy or light opera. In his curtain speech after the first D'Oyly Carte production of *Pinafore* Gilbert perfectly summed up both the intention and the achievement of the partnership: "It has been our purpose to produce something innocent but not imbecile."

**The American Expedition.** By SVEN WAXELL. Trans. M. A. MICHAEL. *Hodge.* 15s.

Here, having been mislaid for a couple of hundred years, is a first-hand account of Bering's discovery of the strait named after him. Curiously enough, before him, these waters had been navigated in an open boat by one Deshnev, who handed in his report to a government office in Yakutsk with a request that it should be forwarded to Moscow. It was pigeon-holed, unread, for eighty-five years. After seas and continents, the archives must be explored. The Bering expedition was Tsarist and official and carried out on the grand scale, with some 2,000 men, many of them forced labour. Bering himself, who was ill, died later on Bering Island. His second in command, Lieut. Sven Waxell, describes the long marches overland to Okhotsk, the voyage itself to Japan, Kamchatka, various islands, and the American coast, and concludes with chapters on the Kamchadals, animal life, and scurvy. Its narrative, illustrated by maps, presents not only a report but a most vivid account of adventures: storms, earthquakes, hunger, encounters with natives, wrecks, boat-building, and death by scurvy. "He who could sleep, slept; and he who could not, wept till he was tired of weeping, and then he too fell asleep." Through a whole winter on Bering Island these explorers survived the snows in sandpits. There was some debate, during these extremities, about the propriety of the men playing cards, strictly against the Empress's wish; but Waxell, now in command, strenuously encouraged it. He is terse and humane, and his colour comes from fact. The fish-skin summer houses on Petshina Bay, the enormous dog packs, the sea otters and sea cabbage, the nine-foot nettles and gelatinous fish pits in which the Kamchadals stowed a delicacy that could be smelt a quarter of a mile off: the details jump up on every page. The translation, which comes to us by way of the Danish, reads admirably, and Mr. Michael's introduction and concluding note provide the framework that is needed.

**Return to Chesterton.** By MAISIE WARD. *Sheed & Ward.* 21s.

Chesterton, like Shaw, had the nonconformist's peculiar gift of engendering legend, much of it being still unrecorded. Thus, in the eight years since Maisie Ward published his *Life*, enough fresh material has come her way to justify the present new work, a sort of marginal extension of the old. Like the first book it is interesting, intimate, partisan; it is also slight; it is also, like the first, unconsciously repelling. Here is G.K. the schoolboy, the young man in love, the journalist, the Catholic convert; over-protected, perhaps, from the daily business of living by his mother and then by his wife; lunging out with equal ire and passion at the old Victorian social complacency and the new scientific reasoning. "Is the gentleman all right who's staying with you?" enquires a policeman. "He's been seen going about with a drawn sword." This is unmistakably G.K.

But was the sword always a Quixotic one? The more we read, the more we are aware of a core of hate in all his assaults, that gives to nearly all his writing a quality little short of sinister. This, oddly enough, is seen most clearly in his heavy and frightening drawings, made though they often are for children. A comparison with Johnson is invited; both were dogmatic men of ideals, both "characters" on the major scale. But whereas Johnson the man overwhelms the frequent narrowness of his views, Chesterton is made smaller by the limitations of his. Something of this makes its way, unwittingly, through the collection of biographical chit-chat. But readers who look for anything of critical or informative value about the elusive matter of Chesterton's books, will not find it of any help at all.

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We regret that the price quoted for *The U.S. and U.S.* by Marjorie Banks and Edward Ward (Allan Wingate), in our Selected List of Spring and Summer Books in the issue of March 15, was given as 15s. instead of 18s.


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# Week-end Competitions

## No. 1,153

**Set by Rosy Barb**

The usual prizes are offered for a Dialogue between two stomachs. (Limit 150 words of prose, or 12 lines of verse). Entries by April 8.

## RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,150

**Set by Brenda Hewitt**

The usual prizes are offered for a lament (of not more than 14 lines) for the three-ha'penny London bus fare.

**Report by Brenda Hewitt**

Not, on the whole, a very rewarding entry. In many cases the hurt must have gone too deep for words, and there may have been others who felt, with Colin Watson, who sent the following entry from Northumberland:

Shall I invoke my guinea muse to tell
How London mourns her penny-ha'penny fare?
Shall I lament a Cockney's coppers . . . Hell!
Three hundred miles away, what should I care?

—that the troubles of those foolish enough to live in London were really not their concern. L. G. Udall sent in a touching Lament in the Welsh manner, which didn't really quite fulfil the promise of its earlier lines: "Gone it has. Swept into limbo By the green fingers of Bureaucracy." Parodies of T. S. Eliot, Chaucer, the Skye Boat Song, and an Early Morning Marching song from Pauline Phillips which starts (and continues) "Oh, the minimum fare it ain't wot it used terbe" were momentarily diverting, but somehow, after a few readings, failed to hold the setter's affection. After some vacillation I allot two guineas each to Edward Blishen and Stanley Sharpless and a guinea each to Joyce Johnson and Guy Innes.

"Oh please, conductor, a three ha'penny one."
I did not relish, as I should have done,
The simple beauty of that old request.
And now, by pique and ruefulness possessed,
As complete twopences I yield for what
For one sweet ha'penny less I once had got,
I reach the top deck sobbing: all around
Observe my fellows, some in frozen swound,
Some biting lips, all sorrowful and pale,
All joining voices in one piteous wail:
"Would we had relished, as we might have done,
The simple beauty of "Three ha'penny one."

EDWARD BLISHEN

From the Odeon to the Public Baths, the *Bell*
to the *Dog and Bear*,
It used to be three-ha'pence, before they upped
the fare;
"Three-ha'penny, please," we used to chant (the
words came trippingly),
"Three-ha'penny, sir," the clippie sang, in
blithe antistrophe.
Alas, those lilting syllables will not be heard
again,
And now the daily chorus grunts a different
refrain;
"Tupp'ny," snap the passengers, in ugly-
vowelled cry,
And "tupp'ny," raps the clippie in rebarbative
reply.
O harsh the times we live in, and harsh the way
we talk,
And harsher still the future, for in future I shall
walk.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

Gone is the penny ha'penny *rouge et noir*,
The twopence coloured does not comfort us,
And London passengers transported are
With grief much more than by the omnibus.

Gone by the Board, this passport of the poor
Is mourned with loud and publicized laments;
A penny now does nought but ope the door
Of LADIES and, presumably, of GENTS.

Full circle now the wheel of time has turned,
Victorian our rides down Street and Strand,
The offer of three ha'pennies is spurned—
Elizabethans need the four in hand.

JOYCE JOHNSON

Careering up the Fulham Road, we'll never spend again
Threehalfpence from the *Goat in Boots* to journey to South Ken.
We weep to think that nevermore, or in or out of town,
Can we defray a fare-stage when we plank those halfpence down!
Despite our lamentations, and despite our wrathful talk,
The only way to foot the bill is walk . . . *talk* . . . WALK!
We mourn upon the upper deck, as we lament below,
The cheaper charge for fairer fares of not so long ago;
But though our tears may burst the banks of columns in the Press,
Mere human walkie-talkies we are doomed to be, I guess.
To pay for locomotion it will go against the grain
To rob the children's money box; but as for raising Cain
To circumvent the Transport Board, we're far too docile. That's
Why we have teardrops in our eyes . . . . Alas, poor travelling rats!

GUY INNES

## CHESS: Readers' Own Again

### No. 130

It is high time again to reduce that bulge in the envelope holding readers' contributions. Here is a game won by H. Falconer (Black), one of our Australian readers who mentions the interesting fact that over 100 years earlier at Paris Harrwitz won almost precisely the same game (the only and quite insignificant difference being (10) Q-Q5 ch in lieu of Q-B4 ch).

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| (1) | P-K4 | P-K4 | (8) Q-R5 ch | P-Kt3 |
| (2) | Kt-KB3 | Kt-QB3 | (9) Q x B | P-Q3 |
| (3) | P-Q4 | P x P | (10) Q-B4 ch | B-K3 |
| (4) | B-QB4 | B-B4 | (11) Q-QKt5 | Kt-K4 |
| (5) | Kt-Kt5 | Kt-R3 | (12) P-KB4 | B-B5 |
| (6) | Kt x BP | Kt x Kt | (13) Q-Kt4 | Q-R5 ch |
| (7) | B x Kt ch | K x B | (14) resigns. | |

Here is a rather neat ending which J. T. Naylor (White) won in a recent "skittle."

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| (1) | B-QB2 | K-R4 |
| (2) | B-R4 | B-B2 |
| (3) | K-R3 | B-K3? |
| (4) | B-K8 ch | P-Kt3 |
| (5) | B-R4! | |

Obviously, mate at either Q1 or K8 is now inevitable.


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E. Allan, one of our most consistently successful competitors in Scotland sends this interesting position where (playing Black against G. Page, a former Scottish champion) he had got his R into considerable trouble. When White played (24) Q-B3 Allan realised that in the long run, B-Kt2 would not help: so, seeing a rather remarkable and far from obvious line of escape he blithely went into what looked like the trap meant to seal his perdition, by playing:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| (24) | R x B | (30) K-K1 | Q-K6 ch |
| (25) Q-R8 ch | B-B1 | (31) K-Q1 | Q x Kt ch |
| (26) R-Q8 | R-K8 ch | (32) K-B1 | Q-K6 ch |
| (27) K-B2 | R-B8 ch! | (33) K-B2 | Q-K7 ch |
| (28) K x R | Q x P ch | (34) K-B1 | |
| (29) K-B2 | Q x P ch | | |

and rather than let himself be mated on Kt3 White accepted the draw by perpetual check.

A: T. K. Wigan 1952

This time I have a fourth reader, T. K. Wigan qualifying for the usual chessbook token, even though the position he sent in is not one he actually experienced in a game. He composed it, thereby depriving himself of the 5 ladder-points his fellow competitors can earn by solving it. White to draw. As for **B** this is rather more difficult and well worth six points, even if I add the helpful hint that Black, ingeniously trying to get away with a draw is even more ingeniously thwarted by White. In **C**, though,

B: A. O. Herbstmann 1929

C: A. Troitzky 1933

we have a real draw again: being a classic it may well be known to some of our erudite competitors, but those who have to work for it should hardly find their efforts overrated with 7 points.

Usual prizes. Entries by April 7.

## REPORT ON COMPETITION

### Set March 8

A: (1) K-B4, P queens ch. (2) K-Kt3, etc.
B: (1) Kt-Kt5 ch, R x Kt. (2) R-B6 ch, K x R. (3) R-Q6 mate.
C: (1) . . . R-QKt2. (2) Kt-Kt3, P-Q7. (3) R x P, R x Kt. (4) K-Kt6, R-Kt8 ch. (5) K-B7, R-Kt2 ch. (6) K-K6, R-QR2. (7) R-KKt2, R-R3 ch. (8) K-B5, R-R1 ch. (9) K-Kt6, R-R7! (10) R-Kt5, R-R4. (11) Kt-Q5, R-R2! (12) K-B6, R-KR2. (13) Kt-K7, R-R3 ch. (14) K-B7, R-R2, ch. (15) K-B8, R-R6. (16) R-Kt8 ch, K-R2. (17) R-Kt7 ch, K-R3. (18) Kt-Kt6 ch, K-R4. (19) Kt-B8 ch, etc.
If (12) . . . R-Q2. (13) Kt-K7, R-Q3 ch. (14) K-B7, K-R2. (15) R-Kt7 ch, etc.
If (12) . . . R-R3 ch. (13) K-B7, R-KR3. (14) Kt-B6, R-KKt3. (15) R-R5, etc.
If (12) . . . R-KKt2! (13) R-K5, R-Q2. (14) Kt-K7, R-Q3 ch. (15) K-B7, K-R2. (16) R-K1, R-QR3. (17) R-R1 ch, R-R3. (18) R-QR1, R-R7. (19) Kt-Kt8, followed by 20) Kt-B6 ch, etc.

These, of course, are merely some of the main variations in this exacting study. Even so, a good many competitors got near enough to the basic ideas to drop merely a point or two. Prizes shared by K. Beaumont, D. Finburg, G. S. Fisher, J. R. Harman. Several competitors made the sporting gesture of refusing to claim the solution because they had seen it in Fine's "Basic Chess Endings." A noble motive, but a wrong principle. Erudition should not be penalised. I happened to get this particular study from its original source; yet, while I strive to use sources none too easily accessible it is inevitable that, from time to time, the more erudite competitors will come across a solution on their own book-shelves. They should have no compunctions to claim their points.

ASSIAC.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT

*The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is exempted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.*

EXPERIMENTAL Officers and Assistant Experimental Officers in various Government Departments. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent appointments to be filled by competitive interview during 1952. A closing date for the receipt of applications earlier than December, 1952, may eventually be announced either for the competition as a whole or in one or more subjects. Interviews will be held shortly after the receipt of the completed application form and successful candidates may expect early appointments. The posts are divided between following main groups and subjects: (a) Mathematical and Physical Sciences, (b) Chemistry and Metallurgy, (c) Biological Sciences, (d) Engineering Subjects, and (e) Miscellaneous (including e.g. Geology, Library and Technical Information Services). Age Limits: For Experimental Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on December 31, 1952; for Assistant Experimental Officers at least 18 and under 28 on December 31, 1952. Extension for regular service in H.M. Forces. Candidates must have obtained, or be taking examinations during 1952 with a view to obtaining, the Higher School Certificate with mathematics or a science subject as a principal subject, or the General Certificate of Education in appropriate subjects, or the Higher National Certificate or other specified qualifications. Candidates without such qualifications may be admitted exceptionally on evidence of suitable experience. Candidates over 20 will generally be expected to have higher qualifications. Inclusive London salary scales: Experimental Officer £628–£786 (men); £533–£655 (women). Assistant Experimental Officers £275–£546 (men); £275–£489 (women). Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. Further particulars and application forms from the Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S/94-95/52. Completed application forms should be returned as soon as possible.

ROYAL Navy. Short Service Commissions in the Instructor Branch. Applications are invited from University Graduates and qualified teachers under 36 years of age for Short Service Commissions of 3, 4 or 5 years in the Instructor Branch, Royal Navy. Requirements are mainly for Officers with qualifications in Mathematics, Science (Physics, Chemistry, Metallurgy) or Engineering, but a few vacancies exist for Officers with degrees in English, History or Geography with a sound Mathematics or Science background. Opportunities will be afforded for Officers, after two years' service, to be selected for permanent commissions. A Short Service engagement in the Instructor Branch will discharge any candidate's obligation under the National Service Acts. 2. Entry will be in two grades. Selected candidates with 1st or 2nd Class Honours Degrees receive approximately £410 in their first year's service, £429 in second year, £548 in third year, £568 in fourth, £584 in fifth year. Other candidates receive £319 in first year, £392 in second and third years, £429 in fourth and fifth years. Previous officer service in the recent war will be recognised for adjustment of seniority and rate of pay on entry. Accommodation and rations are provided or allowance in lieu. Married Officers if aged 25 or over receive marriage allowance of £338 per annum if not accommodated in official married quarters, £283 per annum if they are so accommodated, and £146 per annum in either case if under 25. An initial outfit allowance of £141 is paid, together with a free issue of certain articles of clothing. A reduced allowance is payable to candidates with previous Naval Service as officers. Tax free gratuities of £300, £400 or £500 are payable at the end of 3, 4 or 5 years respectively. 3. Instructor Officers serve both ashore and afloat and their duties include both technical instruction and general education. Officers with suitable qualifications may also be trained and appointed for full or part-time meteorological and weather forecasting duties. 4. Service in the Instructor Branch will, if desired, be treated as contributory service under the Teachers' (Superannuation) Acts, superannuation contributions being deducted from the above gratuities. 5. Apply to Director (P), Naval Education Service, Admiralty, London, S.W.1, for fuller details and application forms.

B.B.C. requires temporary holiday-relief Programme Assistant for Finnish Section. Requirements include thorough knowledge of Finnish (as mother tongue) and of English; ability to read fluently at the microphone in Finnish; to translate from English into Finnish, to write original material, wide general knowledge and interest in current affairs. Experience in radio or journalism would be an advantage and candidates must be able to type. Salary £590 per annum. Apply, with full particulars of age, education and experience, to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within seven days, marking applications "Finnish P.A. N. Stm." For acknowledgment please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

SECRETARY, shorthand with good knowledge of French and preferably medical experience, required by Physician specialist, W.1. Please give particulars. Box 9832.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE International Labour Office invites applications from men and women of United Kingdom nationality, aged not less than 21 and not more than 30 years (excluding war service) for a post of Library Assistant in the Library and Periodicals Service of the International Labour Office, Geneva, Switzerland. Qualifications required: (1) Library school diploma, or at least three years' practical experience in technical position in a modern library. (2) Good knowledge of French; a knowledge of other languages would be an advantage. Further particulars and application forms may be obtained on application with stamped, addressed foolscap envelope from: The International Labour Office, 38/39 Parliament Street, London, S.W.1. The closing date for the receipt in this office of completed application forms is April 30, 1952.

CITY and County of Bristol. Education Department. West of England College of Art, Queen's Road, Bristol, 8. Principal: D. E. Milner, O.B.E., A.R.C.A. (Lond.), R.W.A. Required, as soon as possible, a Lecturer to take charge of the Department of Dress at the above College. Applicants should have experience in a wide field of dress design and production and should be able to conduct classes leading to the N.D.D. and City and Guilds Teaching Diploma. They should be able to co-ordinate the work of teachers in the department, which is a branch of the School of Design in the above College. Lecturers' salary scale, Women—£720 × £20 to £800. Application forms, obtainable from the Registrar of the College, should be returned to the Principal as soon as possible after the appearance of this notice, quoting A.2. G. H. Sylvester, Chief Education Officer, The Council House, College Green, Bristol, 1.

MENTAL Deficiency.—London County Council invites applications from suitably qualified persons with extensive experience of the teaching and training of sub-normal and mentally deficient children and adults for appointment as Organiser of Occupation Centres. Person appointed will be required to supervise work and staff of 17 centres. Salary: £660 × £30—£720 × £35—£790 10s. Further details on application from Medical Officer of Health, PH.D.1, The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, returnable by April 5, 1952. (285)

BOARDING-out Officer with Social Science or equivalent qualifications; able to drive; own car essential. Trav. exps. and subsistence paid. Salary Scale A.P.T. I/II £440 rising to maximum £515 p.a. Superannuation Scheme. Duties include selection and supervision of foster homes. Experience in child care work desirable. Applicants must apply in writing by April 16, stating age, qualifications and experience, enclosing copies of three testimonials to the Secretary, Foundling Hospital, 40, Brunswick Square, W.C.1.

NEWCASTLE Upon Tyne Children Committee. Pottsfield Cottage Home. Appointment of Superintendent and Matron. Applications are invited from married couples for the joint appointment of Superintendent and Matron of the above Homes, with accommodation for over 200 children between the ages of two and sixteen years. Applicants should have had previous parental experience in child care, together with administrative experience in large children's homes or similar establishments, and should possess suitable educational qualifications. As approximately fifty acres of the estate are under cultivation, a knowledge of agriculture on the part of the prospective candidates for the post of Superintendent would be an advantage. Salary scales: Superintendent, £407 × £27 to £454 × £20 to £474 per annum, with residential emoluments valued at £196. Matron, £317 × £20 to £397 per annum, with residential emoluments valued at £195. Full particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the Children's Officer, 7 Saville Place, Newcastle upon Tyne, 1. Applications to be submitted not later than April 12, 1952. John Atkinson, Town Clerk, Town Hall, Newcastle upon Tyne, 1.

WEST Sussex County Council. Children's Committee. Applications are invited from women interested in the special needs of children separated from their homes for the post of Assistant House Mother at Littlegreen, Compton, the County Council's Home for 65 related children between the ages of 2 and 15 years. The successful applicant will be responsible, jointly with a House Father, for the care of an all-age "family" of 16 boys and girls. Friendly, non-institutional atmosphere. Applicants should either have had wide experience in the residential care of children or hold the Home Office Child Care Certificate. Salary £278 4s. per annum less £75 12s. deducated for board and lodging. Forms of application and further particulars obtainable from the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chichester. Completed applications must be accompanied by Ministry of Labour and National Service) permit.—T. C. Hayward, Clerk of the County Council.

THE Y.M.C.A. is a world-wide Movement. It may offer you the opportunity you seek for a life of service. Applications invited from men between 21 and 30 to train as Secretaries. First essentials: A sense of Christian vocation; a good education; leadership ability in religious, social, educational and physical activities with youth; good health. Write giving full particulars of experience and qualifications to S/S, Personnel Secretary, National Council of Y.M.C.As, 112 Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CITY of Leicester Children's Department. A qualified Child Care Officer is required on the staff of the Children's Officer. Duties will comprise a complete cross-section of the work of the Children's Department, including Juvenile Court work, Adoption and Boarding-out of children in the City of Leicester and neighbouring County. Child Care Officers maintain close contact with the Cottage and Scattered Homes and the Committee's Residential Nurseries. Candidates should possess a Certificate or Diploma in Social Science or some equivalent qualification or should have attended a Course in Boarding-out duties approved by the Home Office. Salary will be in accordance with A.P.T. Division, Grade III (£500 × £15—£545 per annum) of the National Scale. The appointment will be subject to a medical examination and to the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937. Application forms may be obtained from the Children's Officer, 20 Millstone Lane, Leicester, to whom all completed applications should be returned by April 12, 1952. L. McEvoy, Town Clerk.

LONDON County Council requires Asst. Home Help Organisers (women) for various parts of London. Duties: general assistance in admin. of Council's domestic help service, particularly systematic visitation of householders provided with domestic help. Candidates should be energetic and capable of managing staff. Some previous experience in running domestic help or similar social service an advantage. Permanent and pensionable. Salary scale £420 × £30—£540 a year. Commencing salary according to qualifs. and experience. Opportunities for advancement to position of Home Help Organiser (maximum salary £600). Applin. forms and further parts. from Medical Officer of Health (PH.D.1), The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, returnable by April 10, 1952. (266)

WORKERS' Educational Association, North Staffs. District. Applications are invited for the post of Administrative Assistant, salary £400 per annum (superannuable). Details and application form from W.E.A. District Office, Cartwright House, 2 Broad Street, Hanley. Closing date April 14.

WARDEN for East London hostel (25 residents) required by International Work-Camp Organisation. Normally experienced girl. Must be interested international understanding. Room and maintenance provided. Remuneration by arrangement. Box 9899.

CALDECOTT Community. Wanted for summer term only, trained young nursery school teacher for group of ten children aged four to six years. Salary Burnham Scale. Apply Miss Rendel, Caldecott Community, Mersham le Hatch, Ashford, Kent.

NATIONAL Society seeks Secretary, man or woman, Univ. Grad. standard, administrability, experience in office management, Committees, public relations. Salary between £600 and £750 acc. qualifications. Apply Director, Douglas Kennedy, Cecil Sharp House, 2 Regent's Park Rd., London, N.W.1.

YOUNG, adaptable Editorial Assistant for Press Syndication Agency. Knowledge of foreign markets and Features experience an advantage. Full particulars, age, salary required. Box 9865.

PRIVATE & Confidential Secretary required for important position. Main work in London area & Manchester. Must be first-class Shorthand Typist, fully experienced in secretarial duties. Age 30/35. Position requires intelligence and hard work. Permanent & progressive. Write stating age, salary required and experience. Box 9866.

AUTHORESS, Regents Park, requires secretary. High-speed shorthand. Good education essential as well as literary knowledge and ability to correct proofs. Hours and salary by arrangement. Write in full, stating age and experience. Excellent job for the right person. Box 9847.

LABOUR M.P. seeks full-time or part-time secretary, preferably Labour. Must be competent Shorthand-Typist. Box 9962.

SHORTHAND-Typist required for the Education Department of the Co-operative Union, at Stanford Hall (Co-operative College). Experience and good education essential; interesting work; one Saturday morning duty in four; board and bed-sittge. room available. Apply in writing, stating age, education, experience, speeds and salary required, to Education Secretary, Co-operative Union, Ltd., Stanford Hall, Loughborough, Leicestershire.

HISTORICAL Research. A company, whose offices have been scheduled as an ancient monument, would like to have investigated whatever information is available of their Adam building in Mayfair. Box, payment. Pref. to undergraduate. Box 9884.

DIPLOMATIC family in London requires experienced nanny to take charge of two boys aged 2 and 4. Other staff kept. Good salary. Excellent home. Write Mr. I. Cowell, 19 Weymouth St., W.1.

AT the Grosvenor Secretarial Agency the better positions await Secretaries with a higher standard of education, and all Office Staff. Also Temporary Staff regd. 10-5 no Saturdays. 25 Grosvenor Street, W.1. MAY. 2196.

LADY Cook regd., one of 5 in vegetarian, co-ed, and progressive school. Apply: Caterer, St. Christopher School, Letchworth.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PINEWOOD, Amwellbury, Herts, requires teachers, cook, matron—married couple pref. Elizabeth Strachan. Tel.: Ware 52.

## APPOINTMENTS WANTED

EXPERIENCED and reliable translator (German, Dutch, French) wishes to change position. Box 9821.

BACHELOR, 45, misemployed, intelligent, handy, will anyone offer occupn., home, anything legal considered. Box 9753.

YOUNG male Grad., 24, B.A. Hons. 2nd C.L., practical & civilised, s/s. interesting post. All offers welcomed. Box 9727.

JOURNALIST, Midlands correspondent national weekly, languages graduate lived abroad, 2 years sub-editing features Weekly, seeks remunerative work. Responsible. 27 (woman, alas), tied Bham district. Educational interests. Press Industry Publishers Reading. Suggestions. Box 9677.

MEMBER of New York Bar, sometime resident in England, would like to join legal or industrial firm to which his knowledge of American law and practice would be of value. Box 9670.

OXFORD woman graduate (24). Modern Greats, experience economics statistical and translation work O.E.E.C. and E.C.A., excellent German, French, good Italian, typing, seeks any interesting post. Box 9559.

GERMAN/English secretary shorthand-typist, bridge, book-kpg. German shthnd., sls. job. Rafferty, 52 Addison Gdns., W.14.

YOUNG woman (22), knowledge of psychology and progressive method of child care, seeks interesting post, London. Full or part-time. Box 9625.

YOUNG lady wishes employment as apprentice in studio pottery. Some knowledge of the craft. Training College Art and Craft lecturer. Box 9565.

## SCHOOLS

BURGESS HILL School, 11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3. Co-educational Day School owned and controlled by a Friendly Society of Parents and Staff. Nursery 3yrs., K.G. 15yrs., Junior and Senior Schools 18yrs.

FOR freedom and self-government. Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, M.A., Ed. B.

LONG Dene, Chiddingstone, Edenbridge, Kent. Co-educational, 5-18. A group of 150 children and adults, creatively concerned with education, agriculture and the arts. Organic 200-acre farm. T.T. herd. Directors: J. C. Guinness, B.A., Karin Guinness (Dalcroze), R. G. H. Job, B.Sc.

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MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset. School Farm, T.T. Cows. All-round practical and cultural educ. for boys and girls 9-18. Principals: Carl and Eleanor Urbach.

NEW Sherwood School, Epsom, parent-owned, progressive and co-educational, encourages children to explore their world and master its skills with friendly co-operation rather than authoritarian pressure from staff and parents. We welcome enquiries from parents of genuinely progressive outlook who wish to take an active interest in the development of their children.

THE New School, Kings Langley, Herts. Day and Boarding School for boys and girls from 6 to 18. The well-balanced and comprehensive method of education, based on Rudolf Steiner's principles, avoids early specialisation and aims at unfolding the individual faculties and gifts of the child while developing truly social impulses. Preparation for School Leaving Examinations. Moderate fees. Prospectus on request.

OVERTHORPE Hall Preparatory School for Boys, near Banbury, Oxon. Forty Boarders, 17 acres in farming county. Headmasters: K. J. W. Sadler, B.A.Oxon, & J. McCloghry, B.A.Oxon.

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ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth. Co-education to 18 years in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. Applications for vacancies from 1952 considered. H. Lyn Harris, M.A., LL.B.; Mrs. Lyn J. Harris, M.A.

ST. Nicholas School, 39 Albyn Place, Aberdeen. A day school for boys and girls 5-15. Directors: John R. Allan, M.A., Mrs. Jean Allan, M.A., John Mackie.

TYLEHURST School, Forest Row, Sussex. Boys and Girls (5-13). Freedom, health and happiness as basis of education. Apply Dorothy Mumford, B.Sc.

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## WHERE TO STAY

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OLD Sussex Village, comfortable accomm. and good country food at Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Horses for hire. 5gns. wkly. Summer terms 6gns. Robertsbridge 148.

LAKE District. Magnificent mountain scenery. Eskdale, Wasdale, Great Gable, etc. Sea, Golf, Billiards, Table Tennis. Licensed. Irton Hall Hotel, Holmrook, Cumberland. Tel. 42.

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HOLIDAY in Ireland at Park Hotel, Virginia, Co. Cavan. Beautifully situated on Lough Ramor. Good food, comf. beds. Golf, tennis, bathing, boating, fishing, shooting, all on Hotel grounds. 8gns. p.w.

MEET the Spring at Farringford in the Isle of Wight, the primroses are out already, and Easter lilies are on their way. Enjoy brisk sea air, wonderful scenery and perfect service at Farringford Hotel, Freshwater, I.o.W. Phone 312. Details from the Manager.

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## WHERE TO STAY—continued

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## ACCOMMODATION—continued

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LOVELY Studio in Wiltshire village, furnished, to careful tenant. August or part July. Kitchen, bathroom, el. light and heating, orchard. 4gns. p.w. Suit writer, painter or walker. Sleep two. Box 9628.

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NEWLY-wed. prof. couple seek un/semi-furnished flat. Central London, or on Tube. Moderate rent. POL. 2825.

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A LIMITED number of Scholarships for music, drama and ballet students are being granted by the French Govt. for 10 months' study in France beginning Sept., 1952. Applns. should be sent to Cultural Counsellor, French Embassy, 22 Wilton Cres., S.W.1.

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## ENTERTAINMENTS

WINTER Gdn. "The Constant Couple," Alec Clunes. "Brilliantly amusing," Times. Ev. 7. Th. 2.30, Sat. 5 & 8. Hol. 8881.

ARTS. (Tem. 3334.) 7 (ex. Mon.), Sat. Sun. 5 & 8. "Uncle Vanya." Mems. 5s.

WORLD Première. Jane Austen's "Lady Susan." Bolton's Theatre, Drayton Gdns., S. Kensington. Friday, March 28, for 3 weeks. Starring Dinah Sheridan (star Royal Command film "Where No Vultures Fly"), Alan Wheatley, Olga Edwardes. Club Mems. 5s. Restnt. Bar. Box Off.: KEN. 7544.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. "The Candy Story." Weds. to Suns. 7.30. Mems.

IRVING. Whi. 8657, 7.30 (ex. Mon.), Sun. 5.30. "Mimes Français" ends Mch. 30. From Apl. 1, "We Dig for the Stars," describing a crisis in the life of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Mems. 5s. yearly.

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EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until March 30: Pagnol's "Jofroi" (A), "The Queen of Spades" (A). From March 31: Arletty in Carné's "Les Visiteurs du Soir" (A).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3311. March 30, 7.30. "Domani E Troppo Tardi" (A).

CHINESE Film: "Sons & Daughters," New, all-Chinese film (English subtitles), based on famous contemporary Chinese novel. "Exciting . . . moving . . . beautiful." Première at Scala Theatre, W.1, on Tuesday, April 15, 7.30 p.m. Reserved seats, 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., from Theatre, or Britain-China Friendship Association, 17 Bishop's Bridge Rd., W.2. (AMB 1431/2.) Please send s.s.e. when writing.

NEW Era Film Society presents Laurence Olivier's "Henry V" and "May Day '51" at St. Pancras Town Hall, on Sun., April 6 at 7.15 p.m. Members & members' guests only. All tkts. 2s. in advance, 2s. 6d. at door. Bookings & enquiries from 40 Berwick St., W.1. GER. 8993.

HAMPSTEAD Film Soc. "Focus on Oil," incl. Hungarian semi-documentary thriller "Colony Underground." Apr. 1, 7.45, Town Hall. 3s. 2s. 6d., G. 3s. 6d. PRI. 1598.

"SALOME," Intro. to Strauss's Opera by John Gardner. Thus. Goltz, Cantrs. Carrom, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Sun., 30th, at 8. Hon. Sec., Opera Circle, WES. 7513.

HAMPSTEAD Town Hall, Mon., April 7, 7.30. The Society for Twentieth Century Music presents: Trefor Jones, Margaret Kitchin, Frederick Thurston, Lionel Solomon, James Macgillivray and The New London String Quartet in works by Roman Palester, P. Racine Fricker (world première), Aaron Copland and Peter Warlock. Tkts. 6s. 4s. 9d., 3s. 6d., from all Hampstead agents and Chappell's, 50 New Bond St., W.1, MAYfair 7600.

CONCERT for Holy Land Arab Refugee Fund, Hyde Park Hotel, 5.30, April 1. Artistes: Joan Cross, May Harrison, Marie Korchinska, Leon Goossens, John Vallier, Peter Upcher. Tkts. 2gns., 1gn., 7s. 6d. fr. Pennington, L 19 Sloane Ave. Mans., S.W.3.

BEETHOVEN, Bartok, Shostakovitch, Debussy will be played by Carol Mary Spero at The Studio, 29 Addison Avenue, W.11. Sat., April 5, 7 p.m. (Buses 12, 17, 88). Adm. free. Nominal charge refreshment.

BEN Uri Orchestra. Concert at Adolph Tuck Hall, Woburn House, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. Sunday, Mar. 30 at 3 p.m. Soloists: Montague Zoltowsky (baritone), Brigitte Loerer (cello), Paul Hamburger (piano). Conductor: Bernard Jacob.

73RD Concert of French Music, Wigmore Hall, Saturday, March 29 at 3, Poulenc-Bernac Recital.

LISZT Society presents Via Crucis (1st public perf. in England) and Fantasy & Fugue on "Ad Nos." All Souls', Langham Place, W.1. Friday, April 4, 8 p.m. Arnold Richardson, Dorian Singers, Matyas Seiber.

A RECITAL will be presented by Ingrid Marshall (Coloratura-Soprano) and Pamela Weston (Clarinet) with Paul Hamburger (Pianoforte), and Eric Stephenson (Solo Pianoforte) for St. Marylebone Public Libraries at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch. Mon. Mar. 31, 8 p.m. Free.

EVERY Saturday night, Social and Film Show presented by New Era Film Society, Social 7-11 p.m. March 29, showing "Janosik," legend of Czech Robin Hood. Mems. 1s. 6d., visitors 2s., films 6d. At 14 Kensington Square, W.8 (nearest Tube, High Street Kensington).

## EXHIBITIONS

CONTEMPORARY Art Society. "17 Collectors." Exhibition at Tate Gallery. Week-days 10-6, Sundays 2-6. Adm. free.

WOMEN'S International Art Club. Annual Exhibition, including Paintings from Yugoslavia at the R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., S.W.1 (off Haymarket), March 22 to April 14. Saturdays inclusive 10 to 5.

NEW English Art Club at New Burlington Galleries. 10-5 incl. Sats.

ROGER Fry. An exhibition of paintings & drawings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Open till April 26. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues., Thurs., 10-8. Admission Free.

## EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily at 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1 (N.E. corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields). Illustrated Catalogue 6d. post free.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Victoria Litho. Paintings and drawings. 10-5.30 Sats. 10-1, until Apr. 10. 142 New Bond St., W.1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. "Some Aspects of Modern Dutch Painting." Van Gogh, etc. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Exhibition closes April 26.

LEICESTER Galleries, Lee. Sq. The R. C. L. Pritchard Collection of works by Matthew Smith & Sickert. Paintings by Cedric Morris. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent paintings by Peter Potworowski and Sculpture, Stained Glass and Graphic Work by Geoffrey Clarke.

NEW Designs of Furniture, Fabrics and Carpets by well-known designers. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George Street, W.1. Paintings by Massimo Campigli. Sculpture by Giuditta Scalini. Until May 3.

ARCADE Gallery, 5 Young French Realists. Rebeyrolle, de Gallard, Dat, Thompson, Grand. First Exhibition in England. 10-5, Sat. 10-1. 28 Old Bond St., W.1.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Four Young Artists: Michael Andrews, Susannah Bott, Barbara Braithwaite, Anne Rees-Mogg. Last week.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. New Paintings by Edward Burra, Dudley Tooth, 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. French Masters—Boudin, Braque, Degas, Delacroix, Picasso, Toulouse-Lautrec.

BRIGHTON. The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Div. inc. Suns. 10-5.

IRVING Galleries, 17 Irving St., Leic. Sq. Spring Assembly until April 12. And Display of select Art Books.

PHOTOGRAPHS from Life Magazine, 13 years of World History in pictures. I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. 10-6 p.m. Daily inc. Sat. Sun. 2-6 p.m.

ARTISTS House Exhibition. From Abstract Art to New Realism. Sculpture, Murals, Etchings by Peri, Manette St. (Charing Cross Rd.), 11-6 dly. incl. Sat. until April 4.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. James Ward and Romantic Paintings of his Period.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibition: British Medicine and the Continent 1600-1850. Open daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. Free.

## LECTURES AND MEETINGS

PARLIAMENTARY Association for World Government. One Day Conference, April 5, 1952, at Bedford College, Regent's Park, N.W.1. Speakers include Lord Beveridge, Arthur Henderson, M.P., Reader Harris, M.P., Leslie Hale, M.P., John Tilney, M.P., Gilbert Mitchison. Details from The Director, Gilbert McAllister, 1 The Grove, Highgate Village, N.6.

TECHNION Society of Great Britain. Professor Sydney Goldstein, F.R.S., Vice-President of Hebrew Inst. of Technology at Haifa (Technion), will speak on "The Technion and its Role in the Development of Israel" at Anglo-Israeli Club, 43 Great Windmill St., W.1 (near Piccadilly Circus), on Wed. April 2, 8.30. All welc. Adm. free.

THE Socialist Party of Great Britain (Bloomsbury Branch) Meeting at Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Thurs., April 3, at 7.30 p.m. "What Follows Re-armament?" Speaker: E. Hardy. Questions & discussion.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Penn St., S.W.1. Tues., April 1, 7.45 p.m. New Czechoslovak Short films; Children's Creches, Surface Tension; Restored Health; Bacteria Nemesis; Anniversary, Restoration of Sight. Adm. free. All welcome. Silver collection.

SOVIET Asia: Eye-witness accounts of Soviet approach to contemporary problems by Dr. H. Joules (Health Services); Prof. H. Levy (Cultural Dev't.); Dr. S. M. Manton, F.R.S. (Science & Social Change); A. Rothstein (Industrialisation). Documentary films of Uzbekistan & Turkmenistan. Exhibition. Sat., Apr. 5, 1-8.30 p.m., Bevoir Hall, Garlick Hill, E.C.4. Tickets 2s. 6d. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8 (WES. 1571) & at door.

FOOD, Clothing, etc., costs less in Rumania. Come and hear C. P. Dutt on "Currency Reform and Reduction in Prices." 20 Penn Street, Sunday, April 6, at 7.30. British Rumanian Friendship Association.

PACIFIST Religious Fellowship Service, 3 p.m., Sunday, April 6. Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road. Near Victoria station. Conducted by Arthur Peacock. Discourse by Reginald Sorensen, M.P. Representatives of many faiths taking part.

ERICH Ollenhauer, Sec. Chairman S.P.D. mtg. Th. Apr. 3, 8 p.m. 1 Broadhurst Gdns. Lect. in German. Assoc. Gents. Socialdem.

M. L. BURNET: "The Ultimate Power of the Communist States." At the Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2. Sunday, March 30, at 11 a.m.

## LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

ALAN Bush, Illustrated Lectures by the composer, I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Fri., April 4, 8 p.m.

FENNER Brockway, M.P., on "My Bill for Human Rights in the Colonies." Friday, April 4, at 8 p.m. All Nations' Social Club, Ltd., Great Cumberland Hall, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, W.1 (behind Cumberland Hotel). Non-members 1s. 6d. at door.

MR. Dennis Gray Stoll will speak on "Wisdom and Peace," at 62 Queens Gardens, Bayswater, W.2, on Friday, March 28, at 8.15. All welcome; no charge.

BUDDHIST Society, 106 Great Russell St., W.C.1. Wed., April 2, 6.30 p.m. "What are we living for?" Ven. Bhikku U. Thittila.

THE Progressive Business Men's Forum. "What Music is About"—A Lecture Recital by Alec Robertson, F.R.A.M. (Author, Critic and Broadcaster), to be held at the Arts Theatre Club, 6 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2, on Thursday, April 3, 1952, at 7.30 p.m. Non-members admission 2s. 6d.

"THE Conflict in China" Public Meeting, Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W.1, or Victoria Stn. Sunday, April 6, 7 p.m. Socialist Party of Great Britain.

GOGOL, Great Russian Writer, Dramatist & Humourist. Lect., Exhibn., Discn. Spkr., Mr. F. M. Boreas, Chair, Mg. J. F. Arnott, both, of Glasgow Univ. No. 1 Rm., St. Andrew's Halls, Glasgow. Thurs., Apr. 3, 7.30. Scottish-U.S.S.R. Soc., Cult. Ctee.

"HUMAN Rights and Africa." Mass Meeting, Trafalgar Square, Sunday, April 6, 2.15 p.m. Dr. Hastings K. Banda, Fenner Brockway, M.P., George Padmore, John Hoyland. Organised by the World Citizens' Council for Human Rights.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. Mar. 30, S. K. Ratcliffe, "Thomas and Jane Carlyle." Questions after lecture. Adm. free. Chamber Concert 6.30.

SHAW Society: Ruari McLean on "The Gentle Art of Book Making." 37 Dean St., W.1, March 28, 7 p.m. Non-mems. 1s. 6d. Dets.: 45 Steeplestone Close, N.18.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. April 5, at 6 p.m. Mme. Ira Reiner (Alliance Française): "Une heure de poésie." Recitations de poèmes avec commentaires.

"ART in Poland To-day." Film, Exhibition, Talk. Speker, Paul Hogarth. Betty Rea, Chair. W. Goodberry Ltd., Fri., Mar. 28, 7.45. Polish Cult. Inst., 81 Portland Pl., W.1.

"HUMAN Relationships—Discord or Harmony?" Prof. H. F. Tyrrell, M.A. (Cantab.). Sun., Mar. 30, 7 p.m. Theosophical Soc., 50 Gloucester Place, W.1.

LINGUAFILM Cinema—13 Suffolk Street, Haymarket, S.W.1. Public showing of Language Teaching Films. Tuesday, April 1, Spanish 6 p.m., Italian 7.30. Wednesday, April 2: German 7.15, French 6 & 8.30. Admission 2s. 6d.

CALLING West Indians. Your Co-Operative Centre at last. Attend Holborn Hall, Grays Inn Road, 3 p.m., Sunday, March 30. Organiser Dr. Caribbean Co-Operative Cultural Centre, Ltd.

"NEW Ventures in Religion"—Address by Rabbi Leslie I. Edgar, M.A., at Sunday Service, March 30, at 11 a.m., at Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28 St. John's Wood Rd., N.W.8 (opp. Lord's Cricket Grnd.)—All welc.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queens Gate, London, W.2. All welcome. March 30: "The Genesis of Man."

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre (68 Dukes Ave., Muswell Hill, N.10): Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall, Tues., 7.30 p.m. Meditation & Gita. Thurs., 7.30, April 3: "Science of Meditation." All welcome.

HUNGARY'S Liberation Day Celebration: Prof. J. D. Bernal, M.A., F.R.S., & Leon Griffiths (recent visitors to Hungary) will speak; programme by Martin Lawrence (bass) acc. Anna Berenska, and James Gibb (pianoforte); Hungarian film; Chairman, Rev. Dr. W. Bryn Thomas. Monday, April 7, at 7.30 at Conway Hall, W.C.1. Tkts. 1s. from British Hungarian Friendship Society, 33 Pembridge Sq., W.2, or at door.

YUGOSLAV Holiday Meetings: Brighton, April 2, 7.30, St. Mary's Church Hall, Rock Gardens. London: Denison Hse., nr. Victoria Stn., April 1, 7.30. Swansea (to be announced). Holiday Friendship Service, 445 Strand, W.C.2 (send stamp).

WEST African Students' Union, 13 Chelsea Embankment, S.W.3. Mar. 30: Sunday Tea Club, 3.30.—Dr. Edith Summerskill on "Women and the Social Services." Tea 6d.

## LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

ROBERT Masters Quartet Chamber Music School. August 30-Sept. 7, Cranford House, Moulsford-on-Thames. Coaching, concerts, lectures and individual lessons. Apply Sec., Frances Kitching, 17 East St., Helen's St., Abingdon, Berks.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of pianoforte-playing—Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin, L.R.A.M. (Mrs. Whitwell.) BAY. 2816.

## LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

EASTER Conference, Progressive League, 4 April 10-14, at Grittleton House, near Chippenham, Wilts. Programme: Veronica Tyndale-Biscoe: "Movements in Relation to Psychological Health." A. Barclay Russell: "The Social Changes Inherent in the Idea of Education through Art." B. M. Smith: "The Problem of the Single Woman." Ashton Burall: "Human Nature—Changeable or Not?" Recreations: Ballroom and Country Dancing, Tennis, Excursion, Music and Poetry, etc. Newcomers cordially welcomed. Fees: Members £4 4s., Non-Members £4 10s. Apply to Conference Organiser, 41 West Park, London, S.E.9. (ELT. 1761).

URC Hulme Manor: Selected May Courses, May 12-16, "Thinking, Speaking, Writing"; Self-expression, Committee work, clear thinking, construction, style, etc. May 23-25, "Home Furnishing To-day." Week-end exhibition, talks and discussion for the general public. In collaboration with the Council of Industrial Design. Details, full programme: The Warden (A) Urchfont Manor, Devizes, Wilts. Or serve Easter Monday wk. "The Arts in America."

INTERNATIONAL Conference In Defence of Children, Vienna, April 12-16. For details write: Hon. Secretary, 109 Broadesbury Rd., N.W.6.

KENT Education Committee in Association with the University of Oxford Delegacy for Extra-Mural Studies. Courses for the Youth Employment Service, 1952-53. The Committee and the Delegacy again hope to provide training courses for the Youth Employment Service at Lamorbey Park, Sidcup, Kent, during the academic year 1952-53. It is proposed that two courses will be provided: (i) a course (September-March) for candidates who have obtained certain basic qualifications in the Social Sciences, e.g., a Social Science Diploma or an appropriate Degree in which Psychology has been included. (ii) a course (September-July) for other candidates, including (a) graduates of Universities who are not eligible for the shorter course; (b) qualified teachers; (c) other students, aged 25 or over, of good general education, who have obtained appropriate experience in industrial or social work, and have continued their general education since leaving school. Application for admission to either course should be made as soon as possible to Mrs. C. E. Spooner, Adult Education Centre, Lamorbey Park, Sidcup, Kent, from whom full particulars may be obtained.

PRINCESS Alice College, Sutton Coldfield (A Residential College for Child Care Workers.) Immediate applications are invited from women (18-40), men (25-40) and married couples who wish to study for a Home Office Certificate in Child Care and qualify for residential posts in children's work. Government grants to cover cost of fees, maintenance and other expenses available in suitable cases. Next course begins September, 1952. Write for prospectus and particulars of qualifications, etc., to the Principal.

LANGHAM Secretarial College provides a Comprehensive secretarial and finishing courses with languages and current affairs. Resident and day students; canteen. Interesting posts found after Diploma. Early vacancies. Autumn courses now enrolling. Prospectus: Principal, 18 Dunraven St., Park Lane, W.1. Tel.: MAYfair 2904/5.

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BRAZIERS Park School of Integrative Social Research, Ipsden, Oxon. Handlist of residential week-end courses from Secretary.

TOUCH-typing. Private tuition. Bayswater 1786.

(Lecture Courses, etc.—contd. on p. 387)
More Classified Adverts. on Pages 385, 386, 387

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